

AMERICAN

Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.

Embellishments:

TROUT FISHING IN THE HAMILTON COUNTY LAKES, NEW YORK.

ON STEEL, BY DICK AFTER BECKWITH.

Also, the following three Illustrations on Wood:—

CRUCIFIX, WINNER OF THE OAKS—THE ASCOT GOLD CUP—AND HER MAJESTY'S VASE.

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THIS NUMBER CONTAINS FOUR SHEETS, OR SIXTY-FOUR PAGES.

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Sagittarius" has sent us a very capital article "On the too Thorough Breeding of the Race-Horse," which will appear in our next. The doctrines therein contained will not, perhaps, be generally popular, but the gifted and clear-headed writer insists upon it that they are true, and that if any one quizzes them (and he feels sure some one will) he adds

"I have a rod, Sir, in pickle,
His bottom to tickle."

"Sagittarius" urges that the English themselves acknowledge that their horses have lost "bottom" for the last fifty years, but that they none of them seem to know why. His communication will be read with great interest.

Mr HOFFMAN's capital work called "Wild Scenes in the Forest and Prairie," has not been re-published in this country. A chapter from the London edition, giving a spirited and graphic sketch of "A Deer Hunt on Sacondaga Lake," in Hamilton County, N. Y., appeared in the last vol. of the Register, page 82.

We have understood that the forfeit has already been deposited in the match between Boston and Gano—to come off over the Lafayette Course, at Augusta, Ga., on the 7th Dec. next.

The price demanded for the best Trotting Stallion we know of in this part of the country is \$1500.

The time of the race between Eclipse and Henry was 7:37—7:49—8:24. It came off on Tuesday, May 27, 1823. Henry carried 108lbs.—the weight for a 4 yr. old at that time, on the Union Course—Eclipse, then nine years old, carried 126lbs.

The first number of the "Spirit of the Times" was issued by its present Editor on the 10th of Dec., 1831.

We have it from the President himself that the "Mammoth Cod Association" of Boston is one hundred and fifty years old. He has been President all the time, and *ought* to know.

Midnight, the 4 yr. old Shark filly out of Meg Dodds, sold by Mr. ROBT. L. STEVENS, of this city, to Mr. WALLACE, of Halifax, N. S., won four races at the late Halifax meeting.

Ajar, a son of Imp. Barefoot, well known on Long Island, two years since, as a fast one, was shipped last week to South America.

It is not probable that a meeting will take place on the Beacon Course, opposite this city, in New Jersey, the ensuing Fall.

The sale of Col. BUFORD's blood stock was advertised to take place at Tree Hill, Woodford County, Ky., on the 20th of last month. No report has reached us.

The postage on letters to be forwarded by the English Steam Ships is required to be paid in advance. Single letters are charged twenty-five cents.

A fine Setter or Pointer, young and well broke, cannot be purchased here for less than about \$100.

[ADVERTISEMENT.]

FOR SALE.—I will sell (being fully engrossed with other business) the very popular foal-getter Imported BLACK ARABIAN, the same that was presented by the Emperor of Morocco to the United States, or more properly intended as a present to Gen. Jackson, then President, and was sold by order of Congress in 1835.

I believe he has made more money, at \$30 the season, than any horse in Virginia, having averaged seventy mares every season since I purchased him; the season just passed he served eighty-two mares. Others are intending to send mares even at this late period, hearing of my intention to sell. Should I not meet with a purchaser sooner, I intend most certainly to offer him at Public Auction, at the Newmarket Course, near Petersburg, Va., the morning previous to the Four mile race.

Any one wishing to confer with me, relative to this fine horse, must direct to Farmville, Prince Edward Co., Va.

Aug. 4, 1840.

THOMAS FLOURNOY.

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FISHING IN THE HAMILTON COUNTY LAKES, N.Y.

TROUT FISHING IN HAMILTON COUNTY, N. Y.

ACCOMPANIED WITH AN ILLUSTRATION.

How many scenes as romantic and wildly beautiful as that presented by Mr. Dick's engraving, are exhibited to the delighted gaze of the enthusiastic angler among the lakes of Hamilton County, in this State. The bold shores of these picturesque lakes upon which are piled like "Pelion upon Ossa," ranges of "everlasting hills," are covered with a luxuriant growth of timber, presenting every brilliant hue and variety of tint so characteristic of American Forest Scenery. And then the pigmy promontories stretching far out into the broad expanse of gently rippling waters terminating in sand-bars glowing like molten silver in the sun's rays—the groups of islands whose picturesque beauty Calypso and her nymphs might envy, that dot their placid surface like flocks of water-fowl, with here and there a sail-boat moored in some quiet cove or under a towering headland, from which the skillful angler

"Lures from his cool retreat the crafty trout"—

how many charming scenes of this peculiar character will be found in the wild and mountainous region to which reference has been made! Look again at our pretty illustration. How well is depicted a bright clear morning, at the moment when

"Jocund day stands tiptoe on the misty mountain top."

The cool land-breeze has excited such a capital ripple for fly-fishing, that one can almost fancy he sees the trout "breaking" in all directions. Take the figures in the foreground. How many hearts will instinctively yearn to enjoy "the royal and aristocratic branch of the angler's craft," so felicitously indicated in the engraving! The fortunate individual who is wielding his fly-rod with such successful success is evidently no green horn, though we should recommend him to allow Johnny Trout to keep his nose under water for a while longer if he would assure himself of the pleasure of his company at dinner. How much like Alice Duncanson or Ten Skidmore looks that tough young brasher resting on his back and watching with the keenest interest the fierce struggles of that live-poked trout, while with gaff in hand he is ready to spring forward to assist him safely on board! That old fisherman on the shore looks as if it might be useful; doubtless he has been brooding a minnow or two and half a dozen fish at the end of apple-bait of line, but astounded at the boldness of a water-dog, he makes a "rise" within twenty feet of the boat, and with a magnificent leap has dropped a most killing green-drake on the prostrate trout. Of course a morsel so delicious and so temptingly dished will not be resisted by a water-trout, suffering under "the keen demands of appetite," and results in a



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bold "break," a whirr of the reel, a dash of fifty yards, consummate skill in making play on both sides, until the "tottle of the whole" matter is presented as in the scene illustrated by the engraving.

The reader may possibly be anxious to know where such sport is to be enjoyed? For "a *full*, true, and particular report," we must refer him to the "Spirit of the Times," in the which metropolitan "Chronicle of the Sporting World" is to be recorded this month, a synopsis of the principal events attending a recent sporting excursion of the editor to the region referred to, and which we can commend with the more confidence as no live white man north of the Potomac ever had better fishing or shooting, or saw more *things*, or enjoyed more fun, and more than all, as the penny papers have it, "no other paper has the news!"

"Brief let me be." We will suppose you are at Saratoga Springs, which you can reach from New York City in less than twenty-four hours. Arrived there, get a team at Cook's Livery Stable and proceed at once to Skidmore's at Lake Pleasant—a very pleasant little village situated between Round Lake and Lake Pleasant. From Saratoga to Lake P. the distance is a trifle under sixty miles. Take the route up the Sacondaga Valley through the Fishhouse, Northfield and Wells, for the road is better and infinitely pleasanter. After spending a few days at Skidmore's and fishing in the half dozen lakes and rivers in the vicinity, get a conveyance six miles farther on, to Dunning's, in Arietta, at the head of Pezeko Lake. We found the trout larger and more numerous there than any where else, and what is more, better boats, and better accommodations. Alba Dunning can show you more sport than any man in Hamilton County, save Nat. Morrill, and him you might not fall in with, "once in a dog's age." From Skidmore's you should make an excursion to West river, to the Indian Clearing, and Louis Lake. Mr. Dunning, (Alba's father) does not pretend to keep "a public house" and you will be better accommodated in consequence; he is a resident of the country and an ardent sportsman of fifty years' standing, and knows every foot of the ground within sixty miles.

Salmon or Lake trout are frequently taken all over this county that weigh over thirty pounds, while the speckled trout "run" from a half to three pounds. They are taken at all seasons of the year, but the month of June is most favorable, as the large trout will then rise more freely to the fly. The shooting is splendid; there are more Moose and Deer shot annually in Hamilton County than in any other in the State, while there are myriads of partridges, woodcock, etc., and a variety of water fowl in great abundance.

The present month is a capital season for shooting; the young partridges, ducks, etc., have attained their full growth, and pigeons may be knocked down by the dozen at a shot. Woodcock are very plenty this year, and there has been rain enough to drive them out of the swamps into the stubble fields. The Deer, too, are unusually numerous, but they ought to be spared until October, by

which time they will be in prime condition. In December you may have such Moose hunting as cannot be found this side of New Brunswick—just such sport as “Meadows” has so well described in previous numbers of this Magazine. A few weeks since there were a great number of heavy steel-traps set about Louis, Whitaker, Oxbow, and other Lakes, for wolves, panthers and bear. These were to be taken up on the 1st instant, and have been doubtless, or their owners will be obliged to fish them out of the Lakes, as otherwise a hunter would run the risk of getting his hounds killed or cruelly maimed; some of these “infernal machines” weigh forty pounds.

From May until September you can use a fly to the utmost advantage in trout-fishing, but, as we before remarked, June is the best month; after that time the larger trout retire into deeper water, and you fish for them with a hand-line from seventy-five to one hundred feet long. A thirty pound salmon-trout is rarely taken in any other way. Hooks are to be obtained “on the premises;” an immense one is preferred, and it should be tied on a very thick and powerful hair line. Jewett, at Lake Pleasant, makes capital hooks; they are modelled exactly on those celebrated Limerick hooks which have, what is termed “the O’Shaughnessy bend.” We have never seen any thing of the kind more perfectly shaped or better tempered; the point is not above half the height of the ordinary Limerick hook, and there is a barb on each side of it. This kind of fishing, which, by the bye, is not to our taste, is very successful when the proper arrangements are made before-hand. It is necessary to place and bait your anchors well—that is, you must ascertain by sounding, the depth of the water; fifty feet will do, but seventy-five is better. Having hit upon a location, sink a rock with a strong line securely fastened to it, and tie the upper end of the line to a shingle, as a buoy, so that you can find the precise spot next day where you “anchor” lies. Your anchor being thrown overboard cut up half a bushel of small fish, shiners, suckers, etc., and strew them about it, and on the following day you may safely calculate on taking as many salmon-trout as you will care to “back” home—especially if you have to travel a few miles through the woods up to your thighs in a thick growth of witch-hopple and shin hemlock. Our legs ache at the very thought.

But the grand sport is in spinning a minnow and throwing the fly. Except that it is incomparably finer, the river fishing in Hamilton County is very much like that found in other sections of the State. The fly-fishing on the lakes, however, cannot be matched, in our opinion, and we have wet our line in every stream or pond of note between the Susquehanna and the Kennebec. In trolling, we made our leader fourteen feet long, the precise length of our rod, using one of Conroy’s patent reels containing three hundred feet of braided-silk line, strong enough to hold a 3 yr. old colt. At the end of our leader we had a set of snap-hooks, with a second set four feet above it, on each of which we played a live minnow, very much to our satisfaction, however they may

have enjoyed it. Above the snaps at equal distances we looped on five large salmon flies. The whole arrangement made something of a display, as we thought, and the trout must also have been "mightily taken with it," for we took two or three at a time! A second rod, with lighter tackle and smaller flies was kept "constantly in hand" with which to "mark down" a "rise," and we rarely failed in making the acquaintance of any dashing member of the lake aristocracy, who challenged our attention by his agility at throwing a summersault.

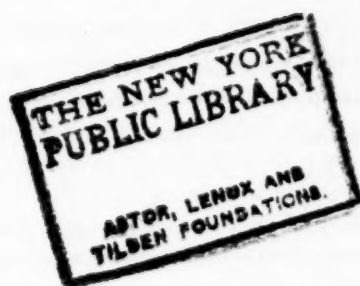
CRUCIFIX,

WINNER OF THE OAKS, ETC.

WE take leave to introduce to our friends a faithful likeness of Crucifix, the mare "par excellence" *wot* won the Oaks in such good form. Of a verity, she is a splendid animal—a second Camarine. There has been nothing like her on the Turf for many a day. We hope, in all sincerity, that her noble owner, for the sake of fame or profit, will not run her off her legs. She will win him golden honors yet—that is, if his Lordship will bear in mind the nursery fable of "Mother Goose and the Golden Egg." Crucifix's speed is truly wonderful, and her stride marvellous to behold. This extraordinary mare was bred by Lord Chesterfield in 1837. She was got by Priam, out of Octaviana, the dam of Carmelite, Crusader, Carthusian, and others. Octaviana, the dam, was bred by Mr. F. Lennis in 1815; she was got by Octavian, dam by Shuttle, out of Zara by Delpini—Flora by King Fergus—Atalanta by Match'em—Lass of the Mill by Oroonoko, &c.

According to the received standard of perfection in a racer, she presents a few striking exceptions; but we were never adepts at dissection, and therefore shall not cut her up. It is not for us to ask why or how she was thus put together, but she possesses qualities that defy criticism, and, taken as a whole, is certainly one of the most extraordinary animals on record. It will not be out of place to describe the shape and make of Crucifix on the present occasion, and it will be seen that there are a few incongruities which it will be difficult to reconcile to her performances.

To begin, then—her head is remarkably lean, and particularly straight—eyes good—ears long—and nostrils open; the neck long and light—shoulders oblique and thin—and the brisket exceedingly deep. The chest, however, is very narrow—the arms and legs small—and the toes turned out like an opera dancer's. She is flat-sided, and the back ribs are short—the hips are wide—the quarters drooping—and the thighs flat. These peculiarities give her a wiry appearance;—indeed she looks *all wire*. She is nearly sixteen hands high, but she is as nimble as a cat, and is possessed of the most remarkable faculty of reaching the top of her speed in a few strides, and this without any apparent effort. That Crucifi: is a





CRUCIFIX.

first-rate mare, her performances have proved, and we beg leave to record her triumphs, as they will justify the high opinion entertained of her, as well as warrant the unbounded confidence reposed in her powers by those who have large sums at stake, as to her future success.

She won the July Stakes of 1839, over the new T.Y.C., in a canter, by two lengths, beating the Currency colt, by Buzzard, out of Margaret, and f. by Sultan, out of Palais Royal. The following were not placed: Stamboul, Petit, and Cambyes. At the same meeting, with nine pounds extra, she won the Chesterfield Stakes, the last half of the Abingdon mile, by two lengths, beating Iris, Margaret colt, and the following not placed: Hellespont, Stamboul. The Orphan, Trojana, Darkness, and sister to Cara. There were several false starts, and two heats, for this race. The first heat was won by Iris by half a length; Crucifix, who lost the start, second. Merle went to the post, and was the cause of the false heat, and did not start after all. Crucifix then figured at Goodwood, carrying five pounds extra for the Lavant Stakes, which she won in a canter, beating Firefly and Exit by two lengths. At the same meeting, with *seven* pounds extra, she won the Molcolmb Stakes T.Y.C., in a canter, beating Defendant and Iris (five pounds extra) by a length. At Newmarket First October Meeting, with *nine* pounds extra, she won the Hopeful Stakes, last half of the Abingdon mile, by a length, beating Jeffy (three pounds extra), Capote, and the following not placed: Raymond, Hellespont, Firefly, Ten-pound-note (three pounds extra), Perseus filly by The Colonel, out of Mary Anne, and sister to Cara. There were *seventeen* false starts for this race. At the same meeting Crucifix walked over for a Sweepstakes T.Y.C. In the second October meeting, with seven pounds extra, she won the Clearwell Stakes, T.Y.C., by a length, easy: beating Gibraltar, Capote, Amurath, Perseus, and Spangle, all placed. At the same meeting she won the Prendergast Stakes, T.Y.C., by a length, easy; beating Capote and Nicholas, who made a dead heat for the second place. In the Houghton meeting, carrying nine pounds extra, she ran a dead heat for, and divided the Criterion Stakes with, Gibraltar, beating Pocahontas, Amurath, Grey Melton, Olive-branch, Margaret colt, a colt by Augustus out of Constantia, and Capote. In the first Spring meeting she won, as all the world knows, the 2000 guineas Stakes, R.M., in a canter, beating Confederate, Angelica colt, Black Beck, Scutari, and Capote, by a length; only three placed, Confederate beating Angelica for second place by a head. At the same meeting she won the 1000 guineas Stakes, D.M., in a canter also, beating Rosabianca, Spangle, and Silistria by a length.

Our readers do not require to be told that this fortunate mare won the Oaks, as they have doubtless read the account of this interesting race in our last number. In describing Crucifix as a fortunate mare, we ought rather to apply the term to her noble owner, for Lord George Bentinck may justly deem himself fortunate in possessing such a wonderful animal. She has won his lordship a hat-full of money, and she is destined yet to add to his exchequer,

if her extraordinary powers are not called upon too largely. Her speed is unequalled, and there is no end to her bottom; she is the gamest bit of stuff ever bestrode by man; and if, as in days of yore, she had been allowed to arrive at maturity before being trained on to her vocation, there is no telling what her achievements might not have been. She would, in all probability, have eclipsed all the great doings of the celebrated Eclipse. It is the fashion, however, to wear out colts and fillies ere they have attained their growth or strength;—and more's the pity. We bow to custom, and under its all-powerful sway we must e'en be content. It is impossible, however, to divest one's self of the feeling somewhat akin to regret, that so superior an animal should not be allowed to arrive at that point of perfection when her true powers would be developed at a more mature age. Even in her nonage, Crucifix must be allowed on all hands to be a "rara avis" of horseflesh, and greater triumphs are in store for her, or we are much mistaken.

The article above is quoted from the August number of "The Sportsman." It had been written but a few days only before the subject of it, who has been happily termed "the *belle* of the Turf season," unfortunately went amiss, and consequently was "scratched" for all her Goodwood engagements. Throughout the month of July she was first favorite for the Great St. Leger, Launcelot (own brother to Touchstone), being second favorite; since her going amiss he has been elevated to the premiership, and in the "Latest State of the Odds" received in this country (to Aug. 3d), the current offers against Crucifix are quoted at 7 to 1. There are one hundred and thirteen Subscribers to this year's St. Leger Stakes, but the field will doubtless be small; the number named in the betting ring is unusually limited.

The "New Sporting Magazine" accompanies an engraving of Crucifix with the highest encomiums upon her beauty, form, and racing qualities, and speaks of her not only as an unrivalled *filly*, but as an unrivalled *animal*. In the course of his observations the Editor remarks to the following effect:—"We cannot conceive that even *Violante*, the female Little Wonder of the Grosvenor Stud, or the great wonder of the Mostyn stables, the *Queen of Trumps*, could have had the ghost of a chance with this admirable creature IN HER FORM. A finer animal never stepped under a saddle."

Several shrewd sporting writers in London still entertain the opinion that Crucifix will start for the St. Leger. Even should she fail to carry off this splendid prize, she has already won for herself never fading laurels. Think of a filly who, at the close of the Spring campaign, in her 3 yr. old form, has won in stakes over £10,000—at the very least, Fifty Thousand Dollars! She has added a huge per centage to the worth of Priam's stock in this country, and caused fresh regret to John Bull that his future services in the stud should have been secured by Brother Jonathan.

The Veterinarian.

OBSERVATIONS

ON ROARING—THE SUMMERING OF THE HUNTER—THE SUBJECT OF
ROARING RESUMED—THE BLISTER AND THE CAUTERY—COLD
APPLICATIONS TO THE LEGS—CURBS—DISTEMPER IN DOGS—
SHOEING—THE FROG—SHOEING RESUMED—THE BOARD OF EX-
AMINERS—THE CAUSES OF GLANDERS.

BY NIMROD.

DEAR SIR: Anxious for the success of your profession, and especially so in reference to its services to the sporting world, I give you the result of my observations of the state of several hunting studs which I saw in my late tour through what may be called the crack hunting countries of England.

I will commence with Melton Mowbray, where I sojourned three weeks and better, consequently had an opportunity of seeing all the best studs, as well as the pleasure of riding several first-rate hunters. In the first place, I am happy to say there has been this year a diminution in the number of roarers compared with that of the last two years; but still the insidious disease has not been quite inactive. The best horse in the Duke of Beaufort's stud—Freemartin, for which his Grace last year refused five hundred guineas from Lord Chesterfield—has fallen a victim to it, to the great mortification of his noble and worthy owner. It may be recollected by some of your readers, my stating in the account of my *last year's* tour, that I had ridden a mare of Mr. John Shafto's, as likewise a very promising five-year-old Confederate horse of the Rev. Mr. Wing's, of Warnsworth, both in Earl Fitzwilliam's countries, and that, from a peculiar style of breathing, I gave it as my opinion, that both would become roarers. My prediction was confirmed by their owners, whom I met this year in the field. One day in the past season, with the Quorn hounds, I rode an exceedingly clever young horse, out of the stable of that first-rate sportsman and horseman, and a Meltonian of twenty-six years' standing, Mr. John White; and the question of "How do you like your horse?" was put to me by himself at the end of rather a sharp burst, in which he carried me delightfully over a strong country. "He is every thing that could be wished for," was my answer; "but I hear a little sound in his breathing which I do not like, and I fear he will be a roarer." "Exactly so," said Mr. White; "I have my fears on the subject, and as such I shall not keep him for another season."

Now a question arises: Would not the first appearance of this "*little noise*" in the breathing—I scarcely know how to describe it, but it approaches a smothered whistle—be the time for active

measures to be pursued with a chance of arresting the progress of the disease, which must surely now be in its incipient state? Would gentlemen, immediately on hearing this noise or peculiarity of breathing, apply to their veterinary surgeon for assistance, I cannot help thinking many a good hunter might be saved from what, to him, is generally tantamount to destruction. And yet, how extraordinary is it that the degrees of obstruction to breathing in roasters are so great that, in some cases, horses so affected cannot go to hounds at all; and in others, neither pace nor country will stop them, as long as other (sound) horses can go. That fine, straight-forward horseman, Mr. Peyton, rode a roaster last season that not one sound horse in a hundred can beat. This fact tends to strengthen the opinion of Mr. Turner, corroborated indeed by one satisfactory experiment, that the cause of the noise is occasionally seated in the nostril, and not in parts more materially connected with the action of the lungs, such as the trachea, &c.

I am happy in being enabled to say, that the in-door system of summering hunters is now become almost general. In fact, it may safely be asserted, that what is called the grazing system is abandoned in ninety-five studs out of a hundred throughout Great Britain; and amongst those of Leicestershire and Northamptonshire I could only hear of two instances of hunters so treated; and the evils of it were apparent in their condition, even at an advanced period of the hunting season. With some hard-riding men, indeed, the in-door system is carried to the highest extreme. The hunters of Lord Gardner, for example—if not the hardest, one of the hardest riders of the present day—never quit their stalls the summer through, unless for the purpose of exercise, which they daily enjoy; neither do they eat green meat, with the exception of a little, now and then, mixed with their hay. The splendid stud of Mr. Foljambe is treated nearly on the same plan. It is kept in condition throughout the year; and I think he might challenge all the sporting world to produce horses that have carried himself and his whippers-in so many consecutive seasons as some in his stables have done. One of them has carried himself fourteen seasons, and, barring accidents, will be ready for him next season (I now speak from ocular demonstration, having visited Mr. F. in April last), and worth three six-year-olds, with their system overlaid with grass fat, and proportionably deficient in muscle.

In the beautiful Oration of Mr. Morton, in your number for January last, the evils of the grazing system—the *scelera graminis*, if I may be allowed to call them such—are so clearly and fearfully exhibited, that the very perusal of the detail of them would deter any reflecting person from subjecting his horses to the hazard of them. But, putting aside the evils arising from the debilitating and digestion-destroying effects of grass, what reflecting person could expect any thing but mischief from atmospheric influence to horses turned out from their warm and regularly-ventilated stables into the open fields, both by day and by night, during the present spring, when the thermometer has often been above 100 of Fahrenheit, in the sun, by day, and within a few degrees of the freezing point by night?

In the number of THE VETERINARIAN to which I have just alluded, I read with great attention (as indeed I do any thing from his pen) Mr. W. Percivall's Essay on Roaring; and have a few remarks to make upon it. He pronounces it not to be a disease, but a consequence of several diseases, which he specifies—all of which are, for the most part, caused by atmospheric agency. But may I be allowed to ask, how happens it that horses do occasionally become roarers without exhibiting the *slightest appearance of disease*? The Duke of Beaufort's groom shewed me two horses that became roarers in the middle of the season, while in regular hunting condition, and in the enjoyment of the best health; and Lord Segrave's groom told me of another similar instance in his lordship's stud. The late Lord Forester's Bernardo, for which he refused eight hundred guineas, was similarly affected during a six weeks' frost, when he was in a high state of health. Neither Mr. White's horse, nor that of the Rev. Mr. Wing, was afflicted with any disease that could give a tendency to roaring, previously to the sound in breathing in each, which denoted the coming evil. It appears to me to be but too apparent, that a thickening of the membrane, sufficient to produce roaring, does occasionally take place spontaneously, as it were, and not as the consequence of any peculiarly marked disease. The observation of Mr. Percivall, that mares seldom become roarers, is a startling one; but, no doubt, it is founded on truth. With the exception of Mr. Shafto's mare, and a young one, the property of Mr. John White, that he now uses as a cover hack, the only roaring mare that I ever knew or heard of was Mr. Kellerman's Mary, by Precipitate, who, as I have more than once stated on former occasions, produced three roarers by three different stallions.

I have one more remark to offer on this interesting subject. Mr. Percivall says, that most experienced horsemen are aware that roarers made to gallop fast become whistlers, and, pushed to their utmost speed, lose even their whistling noise. My experience does not enable me to corroborate this assertion. I have ridden alongside many roarers in the field, but cannot charge my recollection with ever having heard any thing approaching to a whistle, although I have seen them in distress. I had a hack that roared aloud in deep ground or against a hill, and the faster he went the more he roared. The season before the last I rode a roarer of Mr. White's with the Belvoir hounds, but heard nothing beyond a lengthened roar in the act of inspiration, which I considered as evidence of distress. This horse was a brilliant hunter and in the prime of life, but he could not go more than ten minutes at a good pace over a country. On the other hand, and in the same season, I rode a horse called Swing, belonging to Lord Segrave, whose loud roaring did not much affect him. The country was deep and strong, and the pace good, for nearly half an hour. All I have to say of him is, that the further he went the louder he roared, but no whistling. I am, however, assured by an old sportsman, that the whistling sound is occasionally heard from roarers when greatly distressed for wind. But, after all, what matters it whether a roarer *whistles*

or not? The grand questions are,—What is the preventive? and if no preventive, Where is the cure? Mr. Percivall enumerates eight predisposing causes, but, with a modesty that always accompanies acknowledged ability, does not profess to find that remedy. "Our art," says he, "is not sufficiently advanced to connect the sound, in many cases, with the seat and nature of the cause." All we have to hope for, then, is, that as the art progresses important discoveries may be made, and especially as to the fact, that horses do become roarers without any apparent cause, as in the several instances now stated by me. That, as Mr. P. says, "the causes are many and various," cannot be denied; and that, consequently, the remedies cannot but be something like proportionate in number, and oftentimes extremely dissimilar. How thankful would owners of valuable horses be if both cause and cure could be at once announced!

Speaking of the "incurables" reminds me that, a short time back, a prospectus was sent to me of an establishment on Mitcham Common for the cure of glandered horses. I wish it success; but the question is—Do they not manage these matters better in France? Almost four months back glanders broke out in some public stables in Calais. The police went to work, and had every diseased horse shot. Nine were shot one evening on a common half a mile from my house.

To return to my observations on the studs of the present year. Amongst all the crack grooms at Melton and other places, I could hear nothing of the use of the seton, except in a few hock cases, in most of which they were successful. The mercurial charge remains in high favor; but the main dependence is on the iron. Blisters are quite out of favor, and deservedly so, in my opinion; for, as I have more than once said of them, they often rouse the sleeping lion, and it is found difficult to lay him. For curbs they care but little. They have an embrocation that checks them for the present, so as to continue the horse in his work, and after the season the iron is generally had recourse to.

In the summer season the very best effects are found by continued application of cold water to the legs. Mr. Beal (the well-known "Tom Beal"), head groom to Lord Chesterfield, informed me, that the legs and feet of all his Lordship's hunters are washed twice a-day, for a quarter of an hour at a time, in cold water in the summer months, and with the very best effect. For horses in work, whose legs are much worn, the daily application of cold water is found to be highly beneficial. In fact, a huntsman to a celebrated pack of hounds has been heard to say, his old horses could not have gone on in their work but for this boon, which is within every one's reach. But I will give a few instances:—That rare bit of horse-flesh, *Kitcat*, after running the gauntlet at Melton, and carrying several of the hardest riders of her day—say twelve years back—came into the possession of Lord Erroll, with legs that might have frightened any man but his Lordship, being very large and round, and with skin as hard as the bark of an oak-tree. They were reduced to a very reasonable size by being placed daily in

tubs of cold water, with ice floating on the surface of it when it could be procured. This mare stood several seasons of hard work afterwards, and might have still gone on in work had she not dropped into a very hard day when too high in flesh, which cost her her life. A bay horse, called *Nimrod*, which was at Melton the same time with *Kitcat*, and exactly in similar state, was recovered by the same means, and is now going in the Queen's hunting stables. Another horse, called "The Colonel," was also recovered by these means, though he is now dead; and the same may be said of "The Wonder," in the same royal stud, and now going with the hounds. I really believe that, in the case of much-worn and callous legs, the refrigerating system to be most beneficial, although I should not be inclined to practise it with fresh horses in the hunting season. I am, however, all for washing legs and feet with cold water twice a-day in summer. The use of tanners' bark is also preferred to straw for hunters summered in sheds. It is less heating to the feet, and presents a perfectly even surface to the tread. It is, of course, necessary that the droppings from the horses should be daily picked up, and not suffered to be incorporated with the tan.

During my late sojourn in Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, &c., I came across more than one of your profession, and, of course, did not fail having a little professional talk. Amongst them was Mr. Rowland, jun., who is in high practice amongst the Melton and other studs, as his father was before him. I had, indeed, the pleasure of riding close to Mr. Rowland in a very pretty two-and-twenty minutes with Lord Hastings' hounds; and it delights me to see veterinary surgeons so employed, as it cannot fail giving them many a good wrinkle in their practice, in the stables of sportsmen especially. "Tis the pace that kills," said the late Lord Forester, and it is "the pace" that lays the foundation of much chronic disease. Amongst other subjects, I discussed that of the seton with Mr. Rowland, and found that he had no faith in it in sinew cases, although he admitted its value as a counter-irritant, and in hock lameness. Touching curbs, he said that, notwithstanding the extreme wetness, and, consequently, the extreme depth of the country, as it is called, during the last season, he had had fewer cases of curbs than in any previous season. I ventured the suggestion that the circumstance might arise from the ground being loose, for it has more than once occurred to me to be aware of *the occasion of a curb being produced* by a horse getting into a half-dried, clayey slough, when, on his hinder legs being drawn out of it, a sort of sucking noise was heard, or rather a pop like a cork out of a bottle. Jumping from a half-dried clayey bank will also act as the cause of curb, as well as sudden turning in half-dried deep ground.

During my visit to Mr. Hodgson, at Quorn, Mr. Rowland paid me the compliment of bringing a horse of his for my inspection previous to his sending him to Lincoln fair. He was all over a London horse, and at a good price; but a little too much of the peacock order for forty minutes', best pace, over the Belvoir vale. The length of an inch taken from his legs and added to his body,

with a little more bone, would qualify him for any thing ; but, unfortunately, we have not the plastic power to mould animal matter as the potter has over the clay.

From the horse to the dog is no great jump. My dear Sir, is it beyond the reach of your profession to find a remedy for the disease called Distemper in Dogs ? Do any of your members visit kennels in the spring of the year, when the young hounds come in from their walks, and, almost as sure as they do come in, are attacked with the complaint in question ? It has raged violently in some kennels this year, in Mr. Foljambe's especially ; and it went to one's heart to see the suffering occasioned by it in the Quorn kennels. The incessant coughing and husking, the discharge from the eyes and nose, the convulsive twitchings of the body, together with the general debility of the frame, render it one of the severest afflictions to which the animal creation is subject : and it is only necessary to read Mr. Blaine's description of it to be satisfied on this point*, inasmuch as he has even added other painful symptoms, such as tumors, colic, &c., to my list of miseries. Both masters of hounds and their huntmen appear to be in the dark as to the nature and treatment of this disease ; and it is, therefore, very unlikely that I should be able to throw any light upon it ; still I will state two facts that have come within my observation :—Sebright, huntsman to Lord Fitzwilliam, finds that repeated gentle doses of Epsom salts, to young hounds first coming into kennel, much abates the virulence of the distemper. During my late visit to Mr. Hodgson, master of the Quorn hounds, a valuable young bitch was in a dreadful state, and, having refused all kinds of kennel food, was given up as lost. A little bacon was offered to her, which she ate, and on her taking it again the next day there were evident signs of amendment, and her recovery was the result. In all probability, the crisis with this bitch was past, and she might have recovered had she not eaten the bacon ; nevertheless, the mention of the fact can do no harm.

It is the opinion of one master of hounds, that the distemper might not appear amongst young hounds so regularly and fatally as it does, if for the first half year they were fed chiefly on milk, or other lighter diet than the usual kennel food ; and that thus the lives of many valuable puppies might be saved. But, added he, what would be the result ? The disease might, and most probably would, break out in their second year, when all the pains taken in breaking in those which might be carried off by it would be thrown away, and then would the loss of one hound be more than equal to that of two not entered to their game.

As may naturally be imagined, in the society I am thrown into in my tours, subjects connected with horses, as well as the veterinary profession itself, are often brought on the tapis. That of shoeing was lately discussed in my presence, and the recollection of it leads me to the mention of one remarkable fact. There is residing at ———, within two miles of Leicester, a gentleman of the name of Smith, of whom, in reference to my present sub-

* Encyclopædia of Rural Sports, part iv. chap. 4.

ject, it is enough to say, that no man in Leicestershire, or in any other country, rides better to hounds than he does; and he scarcely misses being in the field one day throughout the season. The smith who shoes his horses *comes seventeen miles for the purpose*, being, of course, paid accordingly for his work! "But why go so far for a shoeing smith?" was the question put to him by me. "For the best of all reasons," he replied; "he never lames my horses, and, desperately deep as has been the country all this season, I have not lost a single shoe in the course of it." Now, I think I may challenge the sporting world to produce a similar instance to this—I mean in a stud like Mr. Smith's, who are ridden as near hounds as any man ought to ride, and ridden as often as they are fit to go; and I should much like to know to what is to be attributed this extraordinary security to the shoes, for it is to an extent that I never before heard. I questioned several hard-riding Meltonians as to their average loss of shoes in the season, and it seldom was below the average of five or six, and I should say that was generally my own average loss, when I hunted regularly with my own stud.

The usual precautions are taken at Melton; that is to say, the smiths attend every hunting morning the studs shod by them, for which a shilling is the regular charge; but, to my surprise, the shoeing at Melton is not considered first-rate. It is true that, what with the number of bridle roads and the larking propensities of their owners, hunters travel less upon hard roads in Leicestershire than those of most other counties do; still, where the best and most valuable hunters in the world are to be found, we should look for the most skilful shoeing-smiths.

In allusion to your profession, as a subject of conversation amongst hunting men, may I be allowed to recapitulate some observations by a large owner of horses, and a good old practical sportsman, on the theory and practice of the late Professor Coleman? It was much to this effect, first touching shoeing:—

The first great error of Mr. Coleman was, his imagining, or appearing to imagine, that all young horses had perfect feet, and he acted on that principle; whereas there are not two alike in a dozen, inasmuch as they differ in shape, consistency, &c. And this accounts for so many differently shapen shoes in what was called the "*old system of shoeing*," the shoes having been shapen to the feet as the smiths found them. And this is also one reason why we now differ so much as to what is the best shoe for general use; and the question arises, whether we can, by good management of the feet, bring them all to take one particularly shapen shoe? Mr. Coleman and others spoke much of the old system, the old shoe, and the common shoe; but, in fact, there was no old system, and no common shoe. The smith made a shoe according to the foot; and by the different opinions now given, we are doing much the same thing, although, by understanding the treatment of the foot better, we get nearer to the use of one particularly shapen shoe. We shall, however, never completely succeed in this object, from the variety of natural shape of the foot, nature of the work, and

so forth. Mr. Turner's unilateral shoe, for example, is a shoe of relief, but it cannot be brought into general use.

Mr. Coleman made no distinction between naturally narrow feet and those become so by circumstances; and by endeavoring to expand the former by frog pressure he lamed many horses. Look at the Arab horse, the mule, and the ass; a high and narrow heel is one of their principal characteristics, but how rarely is either lame in the feet! Mr. Coleman conceived that the frog was *naturally* on the ground, and insisted upon the necessity of expansion by pressure on this organ. By this reasoning he must have supposed the frog to be a solid and fixed body, whereas it exfoliates in layers. Nothing could be much more ridiculous than the different patents he took out for this purpose, all of which failed. In fact, shoeing was considered a simple process until Mr. Coleman appeared with his false notions, and put ignorant people on a wrong scent; and, after all, his system was but a compilation from old authors—La Fosse and others. But what is the result? Why, after blundering on false principles and ruinous practice for upwards of thirty years, we are come back to where Mr. Moorcroft left us, which is the plain, concave-seated shoe, fullered and steel-ed at the toe, which is the nearest of any to perfection, and which we can generally avail ourselves of, with proper treatment in the stable, so as to meet the smith half way. The different opinions at the present time, indeed, on the subject of shoeing, in a great measure have their origin in the different forms of the natural foot, and in the way it ought to be treated by the smith. The French smith nearly leaves the foot as he finds it; at all events he leaves abundance of sole. How far he is justified in so doing a difference of opinion may exist; but one thing is certain,—there are fewer lame horses in France than there are in England—to be accounted for in part, perhaps, by the gentler method of using them; and the French appear to be of opinion that there are as many sins of commission as of omission in the treatment of horses' feet.

Then my informant spoke of a book of instructions which Mr. Coleman sent forth to the cavalry regiments, to those in what are called out-quarters, accompanied by a medicine chest. But what a medicine chest was it? No aloes, but *alterative and febrifuge powders* were the grand panacea! To this I have nothing to say, neither is it material to our present object,—the diffusion of veterinary knowledge; but from what I have read and heard, I am free to observe that it was high time for Mr. Coleman to change—as he is acknowledged to have done—both his doctrine and his practice, although I would not go to the extreme length of Mr. Clark, who thinks “the theories he enforced with most weight were uniformly true when exactly reversed.” He opposed the union of the interests of the agriculturist and the veterinarian by opposing the study of comparative anatomy, and here he committed a great error. Surely he should have done all in his power to promote rather than to check the extension of veterinary instruction.

This allusion to the connexion between the agriculturist and the

veterinarian reminds me of the very interesting debate that lately took place amongst the members of your profession on the external conformation of cattle. The part reverting to the skin, and to what is called the "touch," must have been highly interesting; and nothing can be more true than the editorial remark, "let the form of the animal be as perfect as possible, except there is a peculiar feeling of the skin, he will never answer for grazing or stall-feeding." It might also be said, he will not make good beef; for, hard to the touch, and hard beef, are synonymous terms. I cannot, however, persuade my French butcher of this truth. He buys too much by the eye; and although most of his oxen and heifers may be called fine cattle to look at, two-thirds of them are hard beef.

One word more touching Mr. Coleman. In that excellent work called "The Horse," published by the Society for Promoting Useful Knowledge, he is represented as stating (p. 27) that not one horse in a thousand receives glanders from contagion; and in allusion to the great loss sustained in those of the artillery by this disease on their passage to Quiberon Bay, in the expedition under Lord Moira, he attributes it to their having been shut down in the holds of the transports, and, consequently, breathing foul air. I lately came across the gentleman who had the command of those horses, who declares that the infection was the consequence of their having been placed in stables at Southampton, previous to embarkation, in which a large number of Hanoverian horses, glandered, had been kept; that the hatchways were only shut down for a few hours: and that the horses arrived at Quiberon Bay in good health. "Mr. Coleman," said he, "was in error when he assigned foul air and bad food as the cause of glanders. Rain on the loins, producing cold upon cold, is the most fruitful source, as my experience of horses in camp and on picket has very satisfactorily proved."

NIMROD.

The Veterinarian for July, 1840.

Spring Snipe Shooting,

OR

THREE DAYS AT PINE BROOK, NEW JERSEY.

Written for the American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine.

BY FRANK FORESTER.

DAY THE THIRD.

"HULLOA! hulloa! what the devil is it now? Oh Thunder! Oh cuss you, Archer, you eternal villain—See now if I don't fix you for that ere!"

Such were the painful and vociferous exclamations of Fat Tom,

when he awoke on the second morning of our visit to Pine Brook, in circumstances more than commonly unpleasant to that worthy. Fairly worn out and beaten by his hard jog on the preceding day, through ground which, yielding at each step beneath his ponderous bulk, had well nigh dragged his short fat legs out of their sockets, our Falstaff had turned in immediately on washing down his supper with three or four huge tumblers of stiff toddy—and the effect of the fatigue and apple-jack united, had been a deep lethargic slumber, which had detained him on his pallet bed long after we had risen and accoutred ourselves for the morning's chase.

Breakfast was on the table, and still no Tom appeared; so silently we crept along the narrow passage, stealthily climbed the creaking stairs, and peered into his small dormitory. Heavens what a sight was there! The bright hot sun was streaming down full on the fat man's rubicund and massy face—two or three large blue bottles disporting themselves in the early sunbeam, and alighting now and then upon his nose and brow, flooded as they were by profuse and oily perspiration. Flat on his back he lay—his fair round belly surging upward, like to the summit of some huge rounded hill—snoring the while with a rich tuneful bass, that would alone have drowned the noise of our approach, had it been ten times noisier. He had kicked off the bed clothes, so that both feet were bare, and this suggested probably the plan of Harry's operations. Motioning me away, he quietly crept back into the parlor, drew off his fen boots, ordered Timothy to fetch a couple of large lively crawfish, which John Van Dyne had brought in very early, and which Master Harry, having intercepted on their way to the culinary pot, had set aside for our fat friend's annoyance. These were deposited tail downward, with much skilful care, in either of Tom's boots; and having seen this done, with no more of delay, Harry selected from his fishing book two snells of treble-twisted salmon gut, of which he manufactured two slip-nooses, and thus provided, crawled again into Tom's frowzy chamber. Never did poacher, well skilled in tickling the speckled trout, proceed with warier caution, than Harry. A running knot of the stout gut was slipped around each great toe—thick as an ordinary ancle—of the vast sleeper; its other end securely fastened to the low posts of the pallet bed. This done Harry arose, and with a general's eye surveyed the field of action—the due arrangement of his own forces, whether for attack or retreat—and the position of the unexpected foe. A calm and seemingly benevolent smile gleamed over his expressive features, supremely redolent of intense and perfect satisfaction—then he drew three or four sharp and quick puffs of his cheroot, till it displayed a tip of glowing fire; extracting it at once from his lips, shaking the while with suppressed laughter, he clapped the hot end to the broad flattened summit of the sleeper's nose. Direful was the shout,—terrific the spasmodic yell with which he started from his slumbers—his eye caught Harry's figure on the instant, and even before he saw, his waking first thoughts anticipated his tormentor. In the first impulse of the shock and start, he had sprung into a sitting posture, and made

an effort to draw up his legs with a strong jerk, which pulled the slip-knots taught, pinching his fat toes awfully, and throwing him down again on his back—"Oh! oh! now, d—n you, that's too much to cut a chap's toes off with your eternal fooling. D—n me, I say, now—and I means it, tew—d—n me, if I doosn't fix this stret with you! You've cut my toes clean off. By G—d I harnt got half a toe left!—and you've jest burnt my nose!—I won't be fit to walk a mile to-day. Oh! d—n you—but never mind, boys, never mind!—my name's Tom Draw—and I guess you'll remember!"

Away we ran laughing fit to kill ourselves, and Harry sending Timothy to rub down, as he called it, the coat of his indignation, with no small modicum of bitters, fell to work at the broiled chickens with rare unction. Not far, however, had we proceeded in our morning meal, before a wilder and a more piercing yell succeeded—up once again we rushed, and there sat Tom upon the edge of his low pallet bed, with his boots overturned upon the floor, and a large fresh-water lobster dangling by its stout claws from either of his tortured toes. The roar of laughter that burst simultaneously from all hands—for the last yell had brought the whole house up stairs—nerved the fat fellow to renewed pugnacity—with either hand he tore the reptiles from their hold, and hurled them right and left at Harry and myself—on me, slap under the ear, the fish took effect, rebounded, and lay squirming on the floor—but Harry ducked as quick as light; and the animal, projected with all Tom's bodily power, *hot* Timothy, (as he called it, describing the scene afterward) "slap i' t' roight oye" and overset him, in an effort to dodge, right over Beers Hard; who in his turn upset his wife, and all went rolling down stairs neck and crop together. This summary catastrophe put the old man again into his usual good temper; and scarce had we resumed our seats at the breakfast table, when all clean-shaved, and spruce and well rigged, old Draw entered. There was a heavy frown on his brow, and a huge blister on his nose, as he came into the room, but their import was denied by a merry twinkle in the corner of his eyes, and in the dimples of his mouth, puckered up as it was with an irresistible inclination to smile. "That's a nice way to treat a body, aint it?"—he exclaimed. "Never mind—never mind, boys. It will be Tom's turn next!—You, Timothy—consarn your hide, I'll cure your sniggerin torights, you Yorkshire know-nauthen!—hand me the coffee—and them cakes. Well! well! I don't care if I do take one of them little half-starved skimpin chickens"—thrusting his plate out to receive half a well-grown and well-fed gamecock!—"I don't care if I do—for I shall want a bite of summat if so be I'm to walk over sich d—d ongodly slushy ground as that was where we shot on yesterday."

Breakfast concluded, we pulled our fen boots on, and on the instant up rattled Timothy, who had disappeared a few minutes before, with the well-known drag to the door—guns stowed away—dogs whimpering, and sticking out their eager noses between the railings of the box—game bags well packed with lots of prog and of spare ammunition.

"But where the devil's John Van Dyne?"—asked Harry, as he stood gathering the reins just ready to spring to his seat, whither old Tom had climbed laboriously already.

"John telled me to say, ple-ease Sur," responded Timothy, touching his hat—"he reckoned 'at he 'ad best gang on ahe-ad loike—for he thoot t' wagon maybe wad be a bre-aking doon wi' Measter Draa and all in 't. He said, Sur, mayhap 'at you 'd put his auld mear and t' colt in 't for him, when you gang to New York, for he wants 'em doon to t' Tattersals—Tattersals ecod—it aint mooch loike auld Tattersals i' Grosvenor Ple-ace!"

"Oh! he has walked on, has he?—well, jump in Frank—in with you, Timothy—we'll soon overtake him. By George, I think we shall have sport to-day—there's a nice breeze—just air enough, and the sun warm, and the water down two feet at the least reckoning!"

Away we rattled at a brisk pace, swinging round corner after corner, skilfully shaving the huge blocks of stone, and dexterously quartering the deep ravine-like ruts which grace the roads of Jersey—crossing two or three bridges over as many of those tributaries of the beautiful Passaic, which water this superb snipe-country—and reaching at last a sweep of smooth level road parallel to a long tract of meadows under the widow Mulford's. And here—*mort de ma vie!* that was a shot from the snipe-ground, and right on our beat, too—Aye! there are two guns, and two—three—pointers!—liver and white a brace—and one all liver.

"I know them"—Harry said—"I know them—good shots and hard walkers both, but a little too much of the old school—a little too much of the twaddle and potter system. Jem Tickler, there, used, when I landed here, to kill as many birds as any shot out of the city—though even then the Jersey boys—poor Ward and Harry T—gave him no chance, but now heaven help him! Fat Tom here would get over more ground, and bag more snipe, too, in a day!—The other is a canny Scot,—I have forgot his name, but he shoots well and walks better. Never mind! we can outshoot them, I believe; and I am sure we can outmanœuvre them. Get away! get away, Bob," as he flanked the near-side horse under the collar on the inside—"get away you old thief—we must forereach on them." Away we went another mile, wheeled short to the left hand through a small bit of swampy woodland, and over a rough causeway, crossing a narrow flaggy bog, with three straight ditches, and a meandering muddy streamlet, traversing its black surface. "Ha! what's John at there?"—exclaimed Harry, pulling short up, and pointing to that worthy crawling along on all fours behind a tuft of high bullrushes toward the circuitous creek—"There are duck there for a thousand!"—and as he spoke, up rose with splash and quack and flutter, four or five long-winged wild-fowl—bang! went John's long duck-gun, and simultaneously with the report, one of the fowl keeled over, killed quite dead, two others faltering somewhat in their flight, and hanging on the air heavily for a little space; when over went a second into the creek, driving the water six feet into the air in a bright sparkling shower.

The other three, including the hit bird, which rallied as it flew, dived forward, flying very fast, obliquely to the road; and to my great surprise Harry put the whip on his horses with such vigor that in an instant both were on the gallop, the wagon bouncing and rattling violently on the rude log-floored causeway. An instant's thought showed me his object, which was to weather on the fowl sufficiently to get a shot ere they should cross the road; although I marvelled still how he intended to pull up from the furious pace at which he was going, in time to get a chance. Little space, however, had I for amazement; for the ducks, which had not risen high into the air, were forced to cross some thirty yards ahead of us—by a piece of tall woodland, on the verge of which were several woodcutters, with two or three large fires burning among the brush-wood. "Now Tom"—cried Harry, feeling his horses' mouths as he spoke, but not attempting to pull up—and instantly the old man's heavy double rose steadily but quickly to his face—bang!—neatly aimed a yard ahead of the first drake, which fell quite dead into the ditch on the right hand of the causeway—bang! right across Harry's face—who leaned back to make room for the fat fellow's shot, so perfectly did the two rare and crafty sportsmen comprehend one another—and before I heard the close report, the second wild-duck slanted down wing-tipped, before the wind, into the flags on the left hand, having already crossed the road when the shot struck him. The fifth and only now remaining bird, which had been touched by Van Dyne's first discharge, alighting in the marsh not far from his crippled comrade.

"Beautiful—beautiful indeed"—cried I—"that was the very prettiest thing—the quickest, smartest, and best calculated shooting I ever yet have seen!"

"We have done that same once or twice before, though, hey, Tom?"—replied Harry, pulling his horses well together, and gathering them up by slow degrees—not coming to a dead stop, till we had passed Tom's first bird some six yards or better. "Now jump out, all of you; we have no time to lose—no not a minute! for we *must* bag these fowl; and those two chaps we saw on Mulford's meadows, are racing now at their top speed behind that hill, to cut in to the big meadow just ahead of us—you may rely on that! You, Timothy, drive on under that big pin oak—take off the bridles—*halter* the horses to the tree—*not* to the fence—and put their sheets and hoods on—for early as it is the flies are troublesome already. Then mount the game-bags, and be ready!—By the time you're on foot we shall be with you. Forester, take the Red Dog to Van Dyne, that second bird of his will balk him else, and I shant be surprised if he gets up again! Pick up that mallard out of the ditch as you go by—he lies quite dead at the foot of those tall reeds. Come, Tom, load up your old cannon, and we'll take Shot—bag that wing-tipped duck, and see if we cant nab the crippled bird, too! come along!"

Off we set without further parley—within five minutes I had bagged Tom's first, a rare green-headed Drake, and joined Van Dyne, who, with the head and neck of his first bird hanging out of

his breeches' pocket, where, in default of game-bag, he had stowed it, was just in the act of pouring a double handful of BB into his Queen Ann's musket. Before he had loaded, we heard a shot across the road, and saw the fifth bird fall to Harry at long distance, while Shot was gently mouthing Draw's second Duck to his unutterable contentment. We had some trouble in gathering the other, for it was merely body-shot, and that not mortally, so that it dived like a fish, bothering poor Chase beyond expression. This done, we re-united our forces, and instantly proceeded to the big meadow, which we found, as Harry had anticipated, in the most perfect possible condition—the grass was short, and of a delicate and tender green, not above ankle deep, with a rich close black mould, moist and soft enough for boring everywhere, under foot—with at rare intervals a slank, as it is termed in Jersey, or hollow winding course, in which the waters had lain longer than elsewhere, covered with a deep, rust-colored scum, floating upon the stagnant pools. We had not walked ten yards before a bird jumped up to my left hand, which I cut down—and while I was in the act of loading, another and another rose, but scarcely cleared the grass ere the unerring shot of my two staunch companions had stopped their flight forever. Some ten yards from the spot on which my bird had fallen, lay one of these wet slanks which I have mentioned—Chase drew on the dead bird and pointed, another fluttered up under his very nose, dodged three or four yards to and fro, and before I could draw my trigger, greatly to my surprise, spread out his wings and settled. Harry and Tom had seen the move, and walked up to join me—just as they came, Chase retrieved the snipe I had shot, and when I had entombed it in my packet, we moved on all abreast. Skeap! skeap! skeap!—Up they jumped not six yards from our feet, positively in a flock, their bright white bellies glancing in the sun, twenty at least in number—six barrels were discharged, and six birds fell—we loaded and moved on—the dogs, drawing at every step, backing and pointing, so foiled was the ground with the close scent—again before we had gathered the fruit of our first volley, a dozen birds rose altogether, again six barrels belled across the plain, and again Tom and Harry slew their shots right and left, while I, alas! shooting too quick, missed one!—I know what I aver will hardly be believed, but it is true notwithstanding!—a third time the same thing happened, except that instead of twelve, thirty or forty birds rose at the last, six of which came again to earth within, at farthest, thirty paces—making an aggregate of eighteen shots, fired in less, assuredly, than so many minutes, and seventeen birds fairly brought to bag. These pocketed—by twos and threes, Van Dyne had marked the others down in every quarter of the meadow; and breaking off, singly or in pairs, we worked our will with them. So hard, however, did they lie, that many could not be got up again at all. In one instance I had marked four, as I thought, to a yard between three little stakes, placed in the angles of a plot, not above twenty paces in diameter—taking Van Dyne along with me, who is so capital a marker, that for a *dead* bird I would back him against any retriever living, I

went without a dog to walk them up. But no! I quartered the ground—requartered it—crossed it a third time, and was just quitting it despairing, when a loud shout from John a pace or two behind warned me they were on wing! Two crossed me to the right, one of which dropped to John's Queen Ann almost as soon as I caught sight of them—and one to my left. At the latter I shot first, and without waiting to note the effect of my discharge, turned quickly and fired at the other. Him I saw drop, for the smoke drifted, and as I turned my head, I scarcely can believe it now, I saw my first bird falling. I concluded he had fluttered on some small space, but John Van Dyne swears point blank that I shot so quick that the second bird was *on* the ground before the first had reached it. In this—a solitary case, however—I fear John's famed veracity will scarce obtain for him that credit, or for me that renown, to which he deemed us both entitled.

Before eleven of the clock we had bagged twenty-seven birds—we sat down in the shade of the big pin oak, and fed deliciously, were joined while in the act of feeding by our rivals Jem Tickler and the Scott, imparted to them some cold beef, and some Farintosh, which our guests admitted undeniable, learned that they had killed six snipe and a sand bird, and went our way rejoicing, toward the upper meadows, fully expecting that before returning we should have doubled our bag.

But alas! the hopes of men!—Troy meadows were too dry—Persipany too wet—Loise's had been beat already, and not one snipe did we even see or hear—nor one head of game did we bag, unless it be deemed fair to count a skunk which Tom Draw beat to death with a bludgeon, despite the odoriferous perfume, and paricidally regardless of the kindred which, as Harry carefully expounded, existed between him and the persecuted *varmint*.

The morning's sport, however, had put us in such merry mood that we regarded not the evening's disappointment, and after a good supper, and stiff *Doch-an-dorroch*, parted until the Fall—Tom for the Warwick Woodlands, we for the crowded city.

ASCOT RACES.

Her Majesty's Gold Vase and the Ascot Gold Cup.

HUZZA for Ascot! but how to convey my precious corpus, that's the rub. The roads will be crammed with cockney charioteers, *et id genus*; omnibuses and vehicles of every denomination from low to high degree; therefore to be on horseback seemed like launching a Peter-boat in a Nor'-wester off the Cape: certain shipwreck, quoth I, must follow. Happily, whilst thus ruminating, a friend appeared, and kindly offered a seat behind his four chesnuts, which was readily accepted. Together we hied to Limmer's, where ould

John Collins was found in one of his best humors—(rather a rarity in these days, as John does not now bear the badgering which we youngers in olden times inflicted on him; but 'tis a good old chap, nevertheless, and, when he wills, *can* be agreeable)—who, without delay, stored in the drag with some of *Mouatt's* best, to wash down sundry flies which might tickle the œsophagus, and as an adjunct, lots of substantials. Away sprang the tits with as light and merry-hearted a set behind them as ever started on pleasure's wing. Every man seemed resolved to be pleased and to please, and thus pencil down the day on memory's tablet as one of those 'mid the toils and anxieties of life not to be obliterated. Tooled we along right merrily amid groups of every *caste* of man, animal, and coach. On our *entrée* into Windsor Park, bright Phœbus seemed to welcome us with even more glorious beams than he had hitherto done, whilst the scenery, the noble Castle in the distance, and the light-some gamboling deer, cast a halo around more buoyant than pen's depicting.

At length to our journey's tether. I confess me never did mortal visit Ascot's Course with such intense interest, or felt as I then did to gaze on Royalty. Every lagging minute seemed an hour, and on the heralds of our beloved Queen's approach appearing in the vista, the heart would, could it, have leaped from the centre. As the cavalcade came forth in all its wonted splendor, ushering on the Heath the Ruler of the Land (a sight alone magnificently grand to rivet the eye,) no pen can depict the rush of thousands to view her whom a grateful nation watches over with more than parental solicitude. There then sat in calm serenity She and the Royal Consort, who but a few days previous had escaped scatheless the assassin's bullet: aye, there sat England's Queen in all the simplicity and loveliness of virtue, which adorns and endears her to those she holds in rule! How more than grateful to their young hearts must this day's reception have been, for the lowly and the high commingled their gratulations in echoing plaudits, even beyond the lark's proud soaring, for the interposition of that merciful Hand which protected in the hour of danger the innocent from the dark designs of an evil doer!

In regard to racing, Ascot must always hold high attraction, inasmuch as generally a Derby or Oaks victor or victors of the year come again before the public, either sustaining the high character so recently won, or convincing that luck and chance, as in most things here below, have a prominent feature even in Turf affairs. Speculation, then, here is rife, for the *Corner* men are frequently put to their wits end in showing a gain in the profit side of the Ledger. The horses assembled were numerous, and among that number some of high degree and great pretensions to public favor.

TUESDAY, June 17, 1840—The TRIAL PLATE of 50 sovs., added to a Sweepstakes of 5 sovs. each; for 2 yr. olds, a feather—3, 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 13lb.—5, 6, and aged, 9st. 4lb.; the new mile; seven subs.

Duke of Rutland's <i>Flambeau</i> , by Taurus, out of Flame's dam, 4 yrs.....	Robinson.	1
Mr. Byng's Barabbas, by Rowton, 4 yrs.....	Natt	2
Mr. Dixon's Camelino, by Camel, 4 yrs.....	S. Day	3
Col. Wyndham's Pestonjee Bomanjee, by Chateau Margaux, 5 yrs.....	Conolly ..	4
Duke of Cleveland's ch. c. by Emilius, out of Farce, 3 yrs.....	W. Day..	5
Mr. V. King's Ruby, by Reveller, 6 yrs.....	Sly.....	6

All jogged along for half the distance quietly, the *Bengalee* captain of the forces, when the latter here had his say, and the first and second horses ran to the fore, leading their company to the distance. Flambeau at once retrimmed his lamp, which shone with brilliance to the *finale*, although Master Barabbas tried his cunning to put the extinguisher on; but it was no go, never reaching within two lengths to do the trick. Not much could be said for either conqueror or conquered, the pace being miserably slow from end to end.—Betting: 7 to 4 on Flambeau, 4 to 1 agst. Pestonjee, and 8 to 1 agst. Barabbas.

The ASCOT DERBY STAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 3 yr. old colts, 8st. 6lb., and fillies, 8st. 3lb., the winner of the Derby or Oaks to carry 5lb. extra; to start at the Swinley post and in; ten subs.

Sir G. Heathcote's b. c. <i>Bokhara</i> , by Samarcand, out of Zenobia.....	Chapple.	1
Mr. Greville's c. <i>Perseus</i> , by Emilius, out of Victoire	Natt.....	2
Mr. Wreford's b. c. <i>Wardan</i> , by Glencoe, out of Margellina.....	W. Day.	3
Lord Albemarle's b. c. <i>Cambyzes</i> , by Camel, out of Antiope.....	Cotton..	4

Nat put the steam on *instantly*, with Wardan close in attendance, and at it they went for half their journey in full earnest. Chapple on Bokhara (who rode, as he always does, steadily and judiciously) ran up to his companions when nearing the distance, and *touch and go* was the order of things to the Grand Stand, at which point Will Day had his hands full, his horse being troubled with the *slows*. Nat was still very dangerous, in proof of which he made a most beautiful rush home, losing first by something better than a head. This was an interesting to-do, as it brought Wardan again forward, who, from his well-known two-year-old performances, was of high note in public opinion, and your humble servant among the *melée* cashed up, forgetting that such things have happened of youngsters not progressing in speed with age. Wardan, although defeated, is a pretty round horse, with good racing action, and over flat and short courses can beat the best, I opine. His owner is unquestionably a *misfortunate* man in his two-year-old striplings, for they are always highly promising and victorious; but whether the Stockbridge air is not sufficiently bracing, or water too hard, I cannot venture an opinion: certain it is, the pets are thrown in the shade in each approaching spring. I should think, as doctors tell you, *change of air and scenery* might invigorate; at all events it is worthy trial. Odds: 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Wardan: nothing said of the others.

The ST. JAMES'S PALACE STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 4lb.; old mile; 3 subs.

Lord Exeter's <i>Scutari</i> , by Sultan, out of Velvet.....	Darling.	1
Lord Albemarle's <i>Exit</i> , by Vanish, out of Miss Tree.....	Cotton.	2

Little Cotton ganged off as hard as he could, doubtless thinking he could vanish like a dream, and leave all things behind: in this, however, he reckoned without his host. Notwithstanding he flung his shadows very quickly over a great portion of the race, yet a cloud intervened in *velvet* appearance, to his dismay, and rested on the Judge's eye first. In truth Sam Darling had his horse hard in hand all through, and went in with two strides to spare.—Odds: 6 to 4 on Scutari.

The ASCOT STAKES of 25 sovs. each, 15 ft., and only 5 if declared, &c., with 100 added; the owner of the second horse to receive 50 sovs. out of the stakes; two miles and a half; 45 subs., 21 of whom declared.

Capt. Williamson's <i>Darkness</i> , by Glencoe, out of Fanny, 3 yrs. 5st. 4lb.....	Percy.....	1
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Mr. Robertson's Little Wonder, by Muley, 3 yrs. 7st.....	Natt.....	2.
Mr. Herbert's Arctic, by Brutandorf, aged, 8st. 13lb.....	J. Day.....	3
Mr. Morgan's Quo Minus, by Zinganee, 5 yrs. 8st. 13lb.....	Chifney.....	0
Mr. V. Corbet's Jenny Jones, by Sir Hercules, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.....	Wakefield.....	0
Lord Kinnaird ns. Anne Boleyn, by Taurus, 5 yrs. 7st 1lb.....	Mann.....	0
Lord Exeter's Hellespont, by Reveller, 3 yrs. 5st. 7lb.....	J. Howlett.....	0

The pace at first was so-so, Arctic leading, the others well up, with Quo Minus and Little Wonder forming rear-guard. In fact, all seemed to make a comfortable ride of it to the brick-kilns, as neither change of position nor pace to that place occurred. From this point John Day still played first fiddle, which he kept in tune to within the distance, when *Darkness* overshadowed his sight for play, and that darkness permitted Little Wonder to follow as best he could, and in the midst of his wonderment was only a fair second, Percy being declared the conqueror by more than a length.—Odds: 6 to 4 on Little Wonder, 5 to 1 agst. Quo Minus, 7 to 1 agst. Darkness (early in the day 10 to 1), and 10 to 1 agst. Jenny Jones.—From the Derby flyer shewing in this race, all were on the alert to ascertain if he *really* was *the horse* of his year; and having friends very nutty in sporting their rhino on his prowess, great anxiety was on tip-toe. The result of Little Wonder's defeat, I confess, did not surprise me, because I had ventured my say, after his Epsom conquest, that he was *no* Eclipse, or one likely to grace his worthy owner's sideboard with many silver goblets. The Derby, I shall ever think until otherwise convinced, was a false run race—not a dishonest one, mind me—but a race as completely thrown away as I ever beheld; and without giving offence or pain to any one, I do think Messrs. Scott and Day erred much in judgment, and neither can plume themselves that *theirs* was the top figure of jockeyship. They both appeared to me to run their steeds to a stand still, never dreaming that company was in their wake, or remembering that there have been such years when a *Spaniel*, or a *Dangerous*, corky, light, and fit to run on the day, have opened the weak eyes of many a wiseacre. Egad, I'll venture my neck to a China orange that Launcelot (at all events) could go over the sward again, and give a stone to Little Wonder, and yet be first. Mr. Robertson has a pretty light little horse, one over short courses and not overweighted that will do him honor, but strength and length are wanted to make him a lasting or successful victor. In this race he had nearly two stone more on his body than Darkness, and the space of ground to go over nearly a mile beyond a Derby Course: this told tales. The winner here is a very speedy lasting filly, and is a worthy daughter of the Warloch of the Glen.

SWEETSTAKES of 50 sovs. each, h. ft., for 2 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., fillies 8st. 3lb.; last three quarters of a mile; 11 subs.

Lord G. Bentinck's b. c. <i>The Cornet</i> , by The Colonel, out of Lady Emmeline.....	J. Day.....	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Defence, out of Nannette.....	Chapple.....	2

This was a "short and sweet" little affair, and until within about a hundred yards from the Chair 'twas anybody's race; the filly here died away, and honest John landed his young officer as commander-in-chief by better than two lengths. The filly, as long as she did struggle, ran stout, and both being competitors for Derby and Oaks have given rise already to conjecture for future doings. —Betting: 5 to 7 on The Cornet.

Her Majesty's Gold Vase,

VALUE TWO HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

Engraved for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," by CHILDS,
From "Bell's Life in London."



The GOLD VASE, given by her Majesty, added to a sweepstakes of 20 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds, 7st. 3lb.—4, 9st.—5, 9st. 7lb.—6 and aged, 9st. 9lb.; mares and geldings allowed 5lb.; horses that have never won above the value of £50, or received £100 for running second, before the time of starting, to be allowed weight in the following proportions: 3 yr. olds 4lb.—4, 7lb.—5, 12lb.—6 and aged, 18lb., matches not to be reckoned as winnings; the winner of the Derby and St. Leger in 1839 and 1840 to carry 10lb. extra; winners in 1839 and 1840 of the Oaks, Ascot, and Goodwood Cups, Riddlesworth, 2,000gs. Stakes, Newmarket Stakes, Port and Claret Stakes, and the second horses in the Derby and St. Leger, to carry 4lb. extra; two miles; 13 subs.

Mr. Pettit's <i>St. Francis</i> , by <i>St. Patrick</i> , out of <i>Surprise</i> , 5 yrs. 9st. 7lb.	Robinson.	1
Lord Exeter's <i>Amurath</i> , by <i>Sultan</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 13lb.	Natt	0
Mr. Etwall's b. c. by <i>Mulatto</i> , out of <i>Melody</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	W. Day	0
Lord Lynedoch's <i>Jeffy</i> , by <i>Jerry</i> , 3 yrs. 7st. 3lb.	Wakefield	4

Robinson stretched away, his competitors handy in fairish stride: on nearing the last turn, the *songster* dispossessed Jem of premier-ship to within the distance, when closer acquaintainship was sought by all; and if ever there was an honest and right down run in for the Gold on any race course, it was here. Horses and jocks seemed heart and soul in firm resolve to do their best for Her Majesty's generous reward, and whip-cord and persuaders were liberally supplied as concomitants to exertion. So splendid was it, that every spectator seemed breathless for the result; and hard riding and Jem's head alone permitted the Saint to offer *his* head first to the Chairman. Now I would not trench on that worthy and equitable Functionary's veto, yet I fancied 'twas very like a *dead* thing between the *trio*; at all events 'twas so with second and third, and Miss Jeffy well up. The finish was too close to be pleasant, Jem, but thou nobly didst thy work. This *Amurath* *can* go when he wills at a devil of a bat, but he has his humors like mortal man. In truth this struggle was worth going any distance and taking any trouble to view. Melody had the call at 5 to 4 *on* him, 2 to 1 agst. *St. Francis*, 8 to 1 against *Jeffy*, and 10 to 1 agst. *Amurath*.

HER MAJESTY'S PLATE of 100 gs.; 3 yr. olds, 7st. 2lb.—4, 9st. 2lb.—5, 10st.—6 and aged 10st. 5lb.; from the new mile post, once round and in.

Lord Albemarle's ch. c. <i>Domino</i> , by <i>Mameluke</i> , out of <i>Miss Tree</i> , 4 yrs.	Cotton.	1
Mr. Litchwald's <i>Hyllus</i> , by <i>Sir Hercules</i> , 4 yrs.	S. Day.	2
Lord Chesterfield's <i>Gambia</i> , by <i>The Colonel</i> , 3 yrs.	Natt.	3

The scion of the House of Mameluke led in full force, Sam Day a few strides in the wake; not relishing, I presume, so much sail being set: close on the distance, however, he ran to his leader, and a slashing affair was it between the two, and when within an echo of the Chair, methought Master Sam had the check-strings right for conquest; but whether he was too eager for the Plate, or forgot he had a knowing (though young) 'un to compete with, I know not; suffice it to say, this *bit o'* Cotton knew an old say, "races are not lost until won;" consequently, he managed to keep his game animal in full swing, and, *à la Chifney*, was first on the post. The three-year-old was nowhere. A prettier end of a brilliant day's racing few ever witnessed, and few will e'er forget.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 18.—There were three walks-over to-day, which lessened the list considerably.—For the Swinley Stakes of 25 sovs. each, h. ft., with 50 added, four subs., Mr. Bowes' *Hetman* Platoff walked over; for a Sweepstakes of 200 sovs., h. ft., for three-year-olds, for subs., Lord Exeter's c. *Scutari* walked over; and for a Sweepstakes of 100 sovs. each for foals of 1838, five

subs., Lord Albemarle's Doctor Dilworth joined issue in a friendly way by dividing the spoil without a tussle with His Grace of Bedford's f. by Taurus, out of Plaything.—Hang these walks-over or compromisings, say I: they may be pleasant enough for the owners of horses to pocket the ready without doing much for the reward; but to the spectators they are a right down nuisance, and if I could have my way the Stakes should be added at all events to increase the number of races in the forthcoming year. I like a horse as well as man to do something for his money.

The CORONATION STAKES of 100 sovs. each, h. ft., for fillies then 3 yrs. old, 8st. 7lb. each; the new mile; nine subs.

Lord Albemarle's b. f. <i>Spangle</i> , by Cræsus, out of Variella by Blacklock.....	Cotton...	1
Col. Anson's Black Bess, by Camel, out of Cloudsley's dam.....	Scott.....	2
Mr. Thornhill's Emetic, sister to Preserve.....	Conolly..	3
Mr. Rush's b. f. by Camel—Bangtail by Phantom—Discord (foaled in 1828)....	Robinson.	4

Conolly, thinking perchance that a good shaking would make his Emetic tell on his followers, went along slappingly; but ere he entered the distance he must have found his powder was not of sufficient strength to act as he desired, for he there was collared by Spangle, who took the shine and lead from Emetic, and the two and Lady Bess ran desperately for the finish, *little* Cotton neatly landing the winner by something short of a length, Bangtail acting as Whip to the trio. At the end it was interesting work, and coming after the blanks, pleased the by-standers.—It was 5 to 4 on Black Bess, 2 to 1 agst. the winner, and 6 to 1 agst. Bangtail. Previous to the start the odds twisted to 2 to 1 agst. Emetic, 5 to 2 agst. Bess, 5 to 2 agst. the winner, and 3 to 1 agst. Bangtail.

A PLATE of £50 for maiden horses at the time of starting; 3 yr. olds 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 8lb.—5 and upwards 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb. Swinley Course.

Mr. Galpin's b. f. <i>Blemish</i> , by Emilius, out of Clara, 3 yrs.....	Percy.....	1
Sir G. Heathcote's b. f. by Huntingdon, out of Beauty, 3 yrs.....	Chapple...	2
Mr. Phillimore's ch. f. <i>Tiny</i> , by Sir Hercules, 3 yrs.....	S. Mann.....	3
Mr. Osbaldeston's ch. c. Auburn, by Zealot, 4 yrs.....	Macdonald.	4
Mr. Bishop's br. g. by The Pacha, dam by Reveller—Manille by Orville, 4 y.	Natt.....	5

All sprang away together, holding themselves ready for a scurry at the last, the winner leading them a dance, which none besides could hop to. Beauty and Tiny endeavored all they knew to catch Mistress Blemish, but that was easier essayed than done: they scratched their way for second at fair speed. Nothing could accompany Blemish, who won cleverly—Betting: 6 to 4 agst. Blemish, and 4 to 1 agst. Auburn.

Thus ended the second day's play, which, as regards sport, was a sorry affair from the walks over, and had nothing better been in store all would have left hanging their under-lips. The clerk (not Mr. Clark) of the weather graciously stayed the water-plugs from removal until business had concluded, when, supposing peradventure the country dry as well as the assembly, ordered the flood-gates to be opened, and helter-skelter was the watch-word of all, to the tune of "Home, sweet home."

THE THIRD DAY, JUNE 19.—Spite of a few silvery showers, bright glowed the morn with cool refreshing breezes for the holiday folks who had set their hearts on a visit to the *Derby Day* at Ascot, for to *that* day it is equal in interest. The roads were filled with living masses of the sons and daughters of honest John Bull,

struggling forward to see Majesty and her Royal Prince. The "Lads of the Village" came thick and fast by the steamers to Slough, whither vehicles of every description frisked them to the arena of sport. At the hour of 1 o'clock the most numerous assemblage had congregated that ever graced Ascot Heath, and the beauteous and lovely daughters of Dame Eve were splendid indeed! and I could not but exclaim with the facetious Colman,

"Bring, bring me now a painter for the work,"

whilst health and beauty sits on your brows undisturbed by care, and let not the limner linger with his pencil ere the effacing finger of Old Time shall do his bidding. Ascot always appears to me to usher forth a more aristocratic race than Epsom, who have not breathed the Houndsditchian air, nor are tinctured with its assumption. Shortly after one o'clock the Royal cavalcade arrived, and was received, if possible, more rapturously than on Tuesday.

The WINDSOR CASTLE STAKES of 100 sovs., h. ft.; for 3 yr. old colts 8st. 7lb., and fillies 8st. 4lb.; the winner of the Derby to carry 8lb., of the Oaks or 2,000 gs. Stakes, 5lb. extra; the New Mile; 7 subs.

Mr. Greville's ch. c. <i>Perseus</i> , by Emilius, out of Victoire.....	Natt.....	1
Col. Anson's c. Nicholas, by Jerry, out of Olive.....	Scott.....	2
Mr. W. S. Stanley's br. c. Crazy-boy, by Tomboy, out of Bessy Bedlam....	Robinson ..	3
Lord Albemarle's b. c. Janus, by Jerry, out of Destiny by Centaur	Cotton.....	4

The lot jogged off in moderate running for the first half mile, when they sprang into a higher class of speed with no alteration until within the distance: here the winner ran up to Nicholas, who led, battled with him for an instant to defeat, and ran to the Chair very easily by a length and a half from the second. Save the first and second, nothing had a hope for conquest.—Odds 2 to 1 agst. Janus, 3 to 1 agst. Nicholas, 3 to 1 agst. *Perseus*, and 7 to 2 agst. Crazy Boy.

SWEEPSTAKES of 30 sovs. each, 20 ft.; for 2 yr. old colts 8st. 5lb., fillies 8st. 2lb.; a winner of a sweepstakes before or after naming, 3lb. extra; T. Y. C.; 4 subs.

Capt. Williamson's ch. f. <i>Decision</i> , by Defence, out of Fanny (3lb. extra).....	Natt.....	1
Col. Anson's b. f. Lady Sneerwell, by The Colonel, out of Scandal.....	Conolly..	2

The only remark necessary or fitting for this race is, that the Defence filly took the lead, was never run near, and came in a victoress by many lengths. The winner is a fine lengthy filly, and if she improve before the Derby Day of 1841, will in all probability be among the favorites for the two great events at Epsom, being entered for both.—Odds 6 to 4 on the winner.

The bell has tolled—the hour's at hand when the *gem* of the Meet is to be contended for—a contention scarcely less speculated on than a Derby or Oaks; one that is frequently booked, by such as have outstretched their judgment at Epsom, to make matters right at the Corner, and a *waddle* thereby saved: to such it is a breather beyond idea, for, if a trip *here*, good by to a standing on the pedestal of a Crockford or a Gully: the would-be knowing one, who has strutted his hour on the Turf, sinks into the shade whence he emerged, only to be remembered that once he was a betting-man: and to the more sober sort who come to view racing for the love of it, this is a day of days, for here Greek meets Greek with the first *artistes* of the saddle to help on the onslaught. Yonder pass the jocks for weighing, light and natty, some serious,

The Ascot Gold Cup,

VALUE THREE HUNDRED SOVEREIGNS.

Engraved for the "American Turf Register and Sporting Magazine," by CHILDS,
From "Bell's Life in London."



others with a wicked leer in their ogle, seeming to say, "I'm the lad for victory." Here come the phalanx, mounted for

The GOLD CUP, by subscription of 20 sovs. each, with 200 added from the fund; 3 yr. olds 6st. 10lb.—4, 8st. 5lb.—5, 9st.—6 and aged 9st. 3lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; to start at the cup post on the New Mile and go once round, about two miles and a half; 17 subs.

Mr. R. Pettit's b. h. St. Francis, by St. Patrick, out of Surprise, 5 yrs.....	Chifney.....	1
Duke of Grafton's Montreal, by Langar, 4 yrs.....	J. Day.....	2
Mr. W. Ridsdale's Bloomsbury, by Mulatto, 4 yrs.....	Templeman.....	3
Mr. W. S. Stanley's Flambeau, by Taurus, 4 yrs.....	Robinson.....	4
Mr. Thornhill's Euclid, by Emilius, 4 yrs.....	Conolly.....	0
Mr. Isaac Day's Caravan, by Camel, 6 yrs.....	J. Day, Jr.....	0
Sir G. Heathcote's Valentissimo, by Velocipede, aged.....	Chapple.....	0

On the word "Off," Bloomsbury, being so full of spirits and of late an idle boy, rushed out of Templeman's digits, carrying him whither he listed, John Day keeping company as well as he could, the others forming a respectable tail. Early in the race Euclid had his *quietus*, and was instantly supplanted by Flambeau, whereupon Bloomsbury took still stronger flight, and as all came home, Sam Chifney, who had been previously hardly within whistle, sneaked forward, hung for a few strides with Valentissimo, made *his* rush on Bloomsbury and Montreal, landing his Saint by three-quarters of a length, thus finishing a very fine race. After all were quieted a bit, sundry were the remarks and lamentable the groans of those who had not hit the right nail. The fanciers of Euclid complained, and I thought with some cause, of his having too much flesh on his bones; certes he was not fine drawn, and his pipes not being clear gave him less chance. Others were full of the *ifs*. Had Bloomsbury not been too many guns for his Jock, he must have won! but this to me is a very doubtful matter. That the race was run favorably to the winner there can be no doubt, because he who has observed the riding of that Prince of Jocks, the speedier his competitors go the better it suits his views, for the sooner they must *come back* to him with bellows to mend, whilst on a moderate horse hard in hand he rushes on them at the finish like a giant refreshed. I have often heard men complain of *Sam's* lurching so far behind, remarking how much ground he must make up to catch his horses; but let such reflect that *the* pace brings them back on a comparatively fresh competitor; still more, there is man not living so good a judge of speed as the experienced *Chifney*.

The betting on this event took many vagaries in the last ten days: Don John was first, Bloomsbury too rose at a high figure, and Lanercost was talked of, Bloomsbury alone standing the test of scrutiny. Before the start, those who appeared figured thus:—5 to 2 agst. St. Francis, 7 to 2 agst. Bloomsbury, 6 to 1 agst. Montreal, 6 to 1 agst. Euclid, 8 to 1 agst. Caravan, 9 to 1 agst. Flambeau, 12 to 1 agst. Valentissimo.

The WINDSOR TOWN PLATE of £50; 3 yr. olds 7st. 4lb.—4, 8st. 4lb.—5, 8st. 10lb.—6 and aged 9st.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 100 sovs. if demanded, &c.; T. Y. C.

Capt. Gardnor's br. f. by The Colonel out of Mary Anne, 3 yrs.....	Natt.....	1
Mr. Firth's Wilderness, 3 yrs.....	Wakefield.....	2
Mr. Phillimore's ch. f. Tiny, 3 yrs.....	Mann.....	3
Mr. W. Hervey's b. m. by Lambtonian, out of Effie, 5 yrs.....	Sly.....	0
Mr. Willan's ch. g. Robin, aged.....	Balchin.....	0
Mr. Bishop's br. g. by The Pacha, dam by Reveller—Manille by Orville, 4 y.	Butler.....	0
Duke of Bedford's Lucy, 3 yrs.....	Cotton.....	0
Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, 3 yrs.....	Chapple.....	0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by Nonsense, out of Elfrid, 3 yrs.....	Percy.....	0

They all went off together, and kept so till within the distance, when the winner and Wilderness came away, the latter making a tussle; but it was a *flash* in the pan, Nat winning the £50 hard in hand; the others quiet spectators of the fight. So well did Miss Mary Anne perform, that she took the eye of Royalty, and although Mr. Shelley was the claimant, yet on the Prince expressing a desire for her being placed in the Royal Stables as a hack, he instantly resigned all pretensions to the claim. I was glad to see this, because it evinced that the Royal Prince took an interest in our racers, and here he unquestionably shewed judgment in his selection.—Odds: 5 to 2 agst. Lucy, 4 to 1 agst. Mary Anne, 4 to 1 agst. Wilderness, and 5 to 1 agst. Elfrid.

The GRAND STAND PLATE of 100 sovs. (handicap); once round and a distance.

Lord Exeter's <i>Scutari</i> , by Sultan, out of Velvet, 3 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Mann	1
Mr. V. King's Ruby, 6 yrs. 8st. 11lb.	Sly	2
Gen. Grosvenor's <i>Dædalus</i> , 5 yrs. 8st.	Wakefield	3
Mr. Corbet's Jenny Jones, 4 yrs. 8st. 9lb.	Conolly	0
Mr. Byng's Barabbas, 4 yrs. 8st. 4lb.	Natt	0
Mr. Forth's b. c. by Muley, out of Solace, 3 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Crouch	0
Capt. Gardnor's Anne Boleyn, 5 yrs. 7st. 4lb.	Chapple	0
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, 3 yrs. 7st.	Cotton	0
Mr. Galpin's b. f. Blemish, by Emilius, out of Clara, 3 yrs. 6st. 12lb.	Percy	0
Mr. Alpin's b. c. by Laurel, out of Dewdrop, 3 yrs. 5st. 10lb.	J. Howlett	0

Dædalus, after a few lengths, took up the running, having *Scutari* in attendance to the turn for home, when the ruck got up, and to within the distance Ruby led at a very quick dance: Mann now brought forward *Scutari*, who collared Ruby, and it was stride and stride to the Chair, the winner finishing first by a head. Except the three placed, nothing in the race could live when the steam was put on in earnest. I was rather surprised that the *Solace* colt cut so bad a figure, because I *had* heard whispers, that, previous to the Derby, he had been spun with *Little Wonder*, and came off conqueror; if so, he has sadly trained off from pace.

The Windsor Forest Stakes of 50 sovs. each, h. ft.; the winner of the Two Thousand Guineas Stakes, Derby, or Oaks, to carry 5lb. extra; the Old Mile; four subs.—Sir Gilbert Heathcote claimed the coin by a walk over with his *Emilius* filly out of *Nannette*.

The day's fun thus concluded, and such a day's racing is seldom witnessed:—races in plenty, and struggles for the victor's palm right earnestly called to action, pleased all who had travelled to the view.

FRIDAY, June 20—The WOKINGHAM (Handicap) STAKES of 5 sovs. each, for 3 yr. olds and upwards; the last three quarters of the new mile; 26 subs.

Lord Exeter's <i>Hellespont</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	J. Howlett	1
Mr. Maley's <i>Bellissima</i> (half-bred), 5 yrs. 8st. 7lb.	Conolly	2
Mr. Robertson's <i>Burning Beauty</i> , 3 yrs. 5st. 11lb.	Bell	3
Col. Peel's <i>Paganini</i> , 5 yrs. 9st.	Natt	0
Mr. T. V. Shelley's <i>The Drama</i> , 4 yrs. 7st. 8lb.	Wakefield	0
Mr. Farrall's br. f. <i>Lama</i> , 3 yrs. 7st.	Stag	0
Capt. Gardnor's Bro. to <i>Enterprise</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 7lb.	C. Edwards, Jr.	0
Col. Anson's ch. c. <i>The Ruler</i> , 3 yrs. 6st. 4lb.	Francis	0
Duke of Bedford's f. by <i>Augustus</i> , out of <i>Courtesan</i> , 3 yrs. 4st. 4lb.	Richardson	0
Col. Wyndham's ch. f. by <i>Nonsense</i> , out of <i>Shrimp</i> , 3 yrs. 3st. 12lb.	Tiny	0

This to-do is easily recounted, by saying the winner and second had it all to themselves, running together until within a few lengths from home, when Johnny Howlett called upon *Hellespont*, who sprang to the Chair a good first by a stride: with the others there was pretty considerable tailing. Captain Becher afforded some amusement by entering from his establishment little *Tiny*, who re-

joiced in going to scale 2st. 7lb. with a 6lb. saddle. He is a good-humored lad, and bore the yokels' grin very stoically. 'Twas really like perching on high one of the large dolls seen in the toy-shops in Holborn, save that here there was life; he, however, rode well, and bids fair to walk up the sleeve of some of the big 'uns. He is in fact a postscript to Bell and little Howlett; but there's a world before ye, master Tiny, and time may yet fill out your kick-seys.—Odds: 4 to 1 agst. The Drama, 9 to 2 agst. Brother to Enterprise, 9 to 2 agst. The Ruler, 5 to 1 agst. Burning Beauty, 6 to 1 agst. Bellissima, and 7 to 1 agst. the winner.

A PLATE of £50, the gift of the Members for the Borough of New Windsor, added to a sweepstakes of 10 sovs. each, for 2 and 3 yr. olds; 2 yr. olds 7st.—3, 9st. 2lb.; fillies and geldings allowed 3lb.; the winner to be sold for 200 sovs. if demanded, &c.; three quarters of a mile; three subs.

Mr. Watt's ch. c. by Recovery, out of Mina by The Colonel, out of Minetta by Woful, 2 yrs. Natt 1

Mr. Hervey's Saracena, by Saracen, out of Victim by Vampire, 2 yrs. Cotton .. 2

Nat took up the pilotship for about half a distance at spanking speed, just, as I suppose, to try the stride of his opponent, and then pulled his stripling to anchor, permitted master Cotton to spin his yarn away for home, which he never reached as first, cunning Natty running by him, his colt hard held, a winner by several strides. The Recovery, from his length and substance, if he improve till next summer, will prove a dangerous customer, or I mistake greatly. Three to 1 on the winner.

A PLATE of £50, for the beaten horses during the week; 3 yr. olds 7st.—4, 8st. 6lb.—5, 8st. 13lb.—6 and aged 9st. 2lb.; mares and geldings allowed 3lb.; winners once in 1840 to carry 3lb., twice 5 lb. extra; the winner to be sold for 50 sovs. if demanded, &c., the old mile.

Col. Anson's Nicholas, by Jerry, 3 yrs. Francis 0 1
Mr. Beresford's Bob Peel, by Medora, 3 yrs. Cotton 0 2
Mr. Byng's Barabbas, by Rowton, 4 yrs. Natt .. 3
Mr. King's Ruby, 6 yrs. Sly 4

Sir Robert, as leader of his party, went a-head, taking the winner and Barabbas close attendants to the distance. Nicholas now mended his speed, and ran up to Sir Robert's quarters, and to it they went, finishing a splendid struggle by a gain of "nothing to neither," but a downright dead heat, and no mistake. After refreshing, Greek again came forth to meet Greek, Sir Bobby spinning his yarn all he knew. The winner was not, forsooth, to be diverted from his purpose, and the steel, with honesty of game to bear *persuading*, made him possessor of the goblet by half a neck or thereabouts. As a wind-up this was a very excellent finish.—Betting: 7 to 4 agst. Barabbas, 3 to 1 agst. Nicholas, 3 to 1 agst. Bob Peel, and 4 to 1 agst. Ruby.

With the last race closed a very excellent Meeting—few better I believe the oldest race-goer can remember over Ascot. The contests were well struggled for by horses of equal powers, and the Handicapping gave general satisfaction. To be sure, on this the last day, the attendance was a sorry affair compared with the previous ones; but then the absence of Majesty—the rain, with Old Father Boreas in its train, howling forth blasts of discontent—forbade many from showing. To the lovers of the race-horse this was a grateful Meeting, as they had pretty good evidence, from the attention paid by our Prince to the paraphernalia of the Course, that he takes a deep interest in the diversion; and I hope, ere long, he

will have a racing stud of his own, and the Castle sideboard groan under many of Messrs. Garrard's manufactured trophies, won by his flyers. I would be a loyal and dutiful petitioner in the prayer that Prince Albert will, so far as in him lies, place his *veto* against the *un-National* and more than injudicious practice of exporting for filthy lucre our best blood to foreign soils, to the triumph of the purchaser, but disgrace to the vendor. If the laws are not already sufficiently stringent, in Heaven's name let the Legislature frame such as will prevent the transporting England's pride! I was not a little amused on the Prince's viewing the weighing of the jocks: he took particular notice of Messrs. *Chifney* and *Robinson* (the lions of the saddle): on *ould Sam* being pointed out, he (Sam) gave such a winning *leer*, as much as to say, "I, Samuel Chifney, one of her Majesty's liege jockeys, should be very proud to pilot one of your Royal Highness's sons of Eclipse from Tattenham Corner to the goal of victory for a Derby, and I'd do it, if possible, better than with *wings*;" and sure I am the old boy would *rush* pretty considerably to do the Prince's bidding.

SLASHING HARRY.

London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

No-Angler's Angling :

A CHRONICLE OF

FISHING FROLICS AND FROLICSOME FISHERMEN, DOWN-EAST.

NUMBER II.

"The fellow-anglers of my youthful days—
I watch them re-assembling by the stream,
And on the group with many a musing gaze."—STODDART.

IN Maine, there is noble trouting in the whole month of July, as well as in that of June, and in part of May. Three kinds of the genus *Salmo* are caught there: the large Salmon-trout, that have given Sebago Pond a high celebrity, the brook-trout, haunting every stream that ripples among the fine old woodlands and turfy meadows of that yet only half-reclaimed wild territory, and the fine species which is found in the large sea-pools that are formed by the flow of the tide, on the margin of old Ocean, in the neighborhood of Saco and Kennebunk. From these three sources the skilful Angler can derive a summer's sport, if he knows the way, and times his experiments rightly. But strangers, seeking their sport alone, upon a general and vague notion that there are good fishing grounds wherever one chooses to cast his line, throughout the whole State, are rather apt to find themselves at fault, and so to form an unfavorable opinion of the capabilities of that region, in the way of Trouting. It is thus that many will tell you that their expeditions in search of sport among the lakes and rivers, the mountain-streams and valley-brooks of Maine, have proved naught. Such is not the case with all, however, believe me.

I am not intending to fill up these articles with labored details of Trout-killing,—the number, weight, size, and other *minutiæ* of this or that day's "take;"—my work is with the fishers and not the fishes. These are intended to be rather personal than piscinal papers, and the chief concern they have with Angling is, to draw from the pleasant memories and associations which cluster around that delightful sport such reminiscences of "the fellow-anglers of my youthful days," as may not fail to interest the genuine devotee of the rod and line.

"Though far away,
Though ruthless time have scattered memory's dream,
Some scenes can ne'er decay,
But rest, where all is changed, like islands on a stream."*

Think of celebrating the Fourth of July, the anniversary of American Independence, on the banks of a trout-stream, with all the means and "appliances to boot," for the occasion! Picture a party stretching themselves upon the green sward, choosing a President of the day, appointing a toast-master, and going regularly through the well-worn routine of a festival dinner, with the thirteen [extempore] toasts, beginning with "The President of the United States," and ending with "The fair sex;" these followed by volunteers, and speeches, (*such* speeches!) and songs, and the whole occasion terminating with a quiet siesta "under the shady greenwood tree," by way of aiding digestion and invigorating the *was-sailers* for their afternoon's sport. How sudden and unanimous was the determination of the party thus to pass an hour in the middle of that day! And when the idea was conceived, with what alacrity did each one there fall into the execution of the scheme! Had there been the slightest preparation the thing must have proved a failure: as it was, what a delicious episode in the day's sport did it prove! The day was one of the finest of the season. [It is a remarkable fact that the day of our national jubilee is never a stormy one. If a cloud arises, and lets fall a shower of rain upon that day, it is only to make it lovelier, and fitter for our enjoying.] It was "such a day," to quote John Neal, "as women talk of in their youth, when the great woods are all in flower, very much as if their hearts were in flower too." The morning's sport had been glorious; and well-stocked creels, lying around the roots of the old trees that sheltered and shaded the party, gave indisputable evidence of the success that had crowned their pleasant toil.

The table was a broad and ample one, and was covered with a rich cloth of deep green velvet, wrought curiously and by a cunning hand with flowers of many hues and forms, that lent fragrance as well as beauty to the banquet. Around this spacious area reclined the guests, after the fashion of the olden time, ere the couch had been superseded by the chair and its accompanying train of stiffening customs. Thus the court of Dido reclined, while listening to the eloquent tale of Troy's destruction, as it fell from the lips of "godlike" Æneas; and thus, in her golden barge, which,

"—like a burnished throne,
Burned on the water,"

* Brydson.

lay Cleopatra, "when she first met Mark Antony, and pursed up his heart upon the river Cydnus."

The half-hour before dinner is proverbially an half-hour of suspense and impatience. It is too near the occurrence of an important event to permit the commencement of any new undertaking, or even of any new process of thought. Liable at any moment to be interrupted by gong or bell, or liveried messenger, bearing the agreeable summons, it were folly, indeed, to subject yourself to such an inconvenience. But these are town-distinctions, and they are in no force in the country. As rare old Cowley beautifully says: "We walk here in the light, open ways of divine bounty; our senses are here feasted with all the clear and genuine taste of their objects, which, in the town, are all sophisticated, and, for the most part, quite overwhelmed with their contraries." Thus the *half hour before dinner* upon this memorable occasion proved no burden to any of that merry party. Stretched at full length upon those beautiful mounds of colored mosses, the antique couches spread for our enjoyment by the hand of Nature herself, (kind Mother!) supine, and gazing on the glimpses of sky, that came to us through the tree-tops, how fleetly flew the time, as one of us sang the song of the "Midsummer Fairies,"* and the rest listened dreamily to the lay.

"We be small foresters and gay, who tend
On trees and all their furniture of green,
Training the young boughs airily to bend,
And show blue snatches of the sky between.

"We bend each tree in proper attitude,
And graceful willows train in silvery falls,
We frame all shady roofs and arches rude,
And verdant aisles leading to Dryad's halls,
Or deep recesses, when the echo calls.

"We shape all plummy trees against the sky,
And carve tall elms' Corinthian capitals,
While, sometimes, as our tiny hatchets fly,
Men say, the tapping woodpecker is nigh!"

As the song went on, methought it was chorussed by the elves that dwelt upon the spot we occupied, for a more fitting one for fairy-haunt was never yet alighted on: our couches were their thousand thrones, all silvered and gilded, and crimsoned over as they were in their brave garniture,—and we were but usurpers! How exquisite was the fashion of their upholstery! It was woven of many hued mosses, each filament of which was tipped with coral, red as that the Naiads wear beneath the sounding wave,—and shining upon the green like a sprinkling of powdered rubies on the surface of an emerald.

And this seemed their banqueting hall, moreover, and we had disturbed them in their repast. For here we found their drinking-cups lying scattered about, in shape like our own glasses, only more deftly fashioned, and colored of the same pale green with those from which we drink the wines of the Upper Rhine; and delicate vases of many shapes, and flower-pots made of the acorn cups, which they had overturned in the haste of their escape, and left all

* Thomas Hood.

fragrant with the choice perfume they had garnered up within them.

But "dinner is on the table!" All fairy-land vanishes at the announcement, and we are roused from our dreaming to enjoy reality. And so we will!

The "chair" was taken by our friend D., a genuine Waltonian, whose boast it was, and still is, to place his *summum bonum*, from the middle of May until cold weather sets in, in field-sports. It is a *penchant*, almost amounting to a foible, of his, to possess the best gun, the best rod, the best lines, and the most plentifully stocked fly-book of all the sportsmen in his vicinage. The mysteries of joinings and whippings, and multipliers, and stops, and loops, and kinks,—the science of selecting the best gear, and of manufacturing from it neat and unexceptionable tackle, he takes a pride in, almost equal to that which he ever exhibits in the practice of the learned profession of which he is an ornament. And even in that profession he shows the true sportsman at times. No member of the bar to which he belongs is so safe in a case where a horse is concerned, and he is therefore much relied upon in that way; and it is charming to see with what zeal and pertinacity he uses his professional talents to procure the rigid enforcement of all those laws which the legislators of his State have enacted for the preservation of game, at times and seasons of the year when such protection is necessary.

The love that D. bears to his Joe Manton (a double barrel), to his rods, to his dog, (poor old Dick!) to horse-flesh in general, and to every *thing* in the sporting catalogue, he yields in an unbounded degree to all his brothers of the craft. He will not allow that any of them, however, are so well appointed in every thing that goes to make up their fit-out as he is: an amiable *tendresse*, to dispute the rationality of which could do no good, and most probably would only render it more deep and abiding. And D. is an efficient practitioner, as well as a sensible theorist, in "the gentle art." He takes fish as well as he fixes tackle, and his success with woodcock and snipe admirably proves that he does not keep his favorite gun to look at, merely.

Upon taking the head of the table, he removed his *regalia*, and curtly called his friend M. to the opposite end of the board, whereupon that gentleman immediately rolled over upon the sward until he reached the vice-presidential position. Each looked at the other, and having puffed two whiffs a-piece, they both remarked at the same instant, "Mac shall be toast-master!"

"Yes," said the Major of that name, "and the Captain shall be steward."

"And Jem, what shall he do?" said the Captain.

"He shall 'preside at the piano,' after dinner, and in the mean time make himself as agreeable as he may," replied the President and Vice in the same breath. The arrangements were considered complete.

By way of grace, D. pulled out his pocket copy of old Izaak, and read aloud, with much emphasis and discretion, the following

beautiful passage. "When I would keep content, and increase confidence in the power, and wisdom and providence of Almighty God, I will walk the meadows by some gliding stream, and there contemplate the goodness of the God of Nature, and trust in him."

Heard you ever any grace more appropriate and touching than that? As soon as it was read, we commenced our rural repast, and a loose was given to the merry jest, the witty retort, the ready repartee, the lively song, and the jocund laugh. The first toast was short and courteous to the powers that were. The second was "The gentle craft; its associates and associations;" which being duly honored, Master Jem was knocked down for a song. He immediately honored the craft by singing the following:

"O waken, winds, waken! The waters are still,
And silence and sunlight recline on the hill;
The angler is watching beside the green springs,
For the low welcome sound of your wandering wings!

"His rod is unwielded, his tackle unfreed,
And the withe-woven pannier lies flung on the mead;
He looks to the lake, through its fane of green trees,
And sighs for the curl of the cool summer breeze!
Then waken, winds, waken!" &c.*

After the rapturous applause with which this song was received had somewhat subsided, the singer, using his privilege, called for something from the Major. But the President intimating that this was not in order between two of the "regular toasts," the toast-master proceeded to read number three, which was as follows:

"Christopher North, in his *tent*, in his *alcove*, at his *noctes*, or on his native lakes. Would that the old Scottish proverb were not so true, that places so great a distance between us to-day. Sighing to see and to know the glorious crafts-man, we feel that it is, indeed, "A far cry to Loch Awe!"

A simultaneous shout of applause followed the announcement of this toast, which the old woods echoed: and the startled birds that had been nestling among the tree-tops, in the midst of that summer noon, whirled among the pendent boughs, and winged their way to the deeper recesses of the forest. The sentiment in honor of old Kit was crowned with bumpers, and then we had an outlandish story, (very well told, but too long for these sketches,) from our friend The Captain, who had the advantage of all the rest, by reason that he had been in foreign parts, and had seen wonderful things in his day. After this, the fourth toast was given, being "The Day, and all who honor it!" which was followed by "Hail Columbia!" sung in chorus by every body but the President, who, as General Bombastes said to the learned Fusbos, "had not a singing face." Indeed, he took the occasion the song afforded to go sound asleep!

The next toast was, "Our gallant Navy and Army,—the two resistless arms of our national defence." This called up the Major, who made a most felicitous speech in behalf of the Army, and, regretting that no representative of the other branch of the service was present to respond for the Navy, he begged leave to propose,

* Stoddart.

as toast-master on the occasion, the next regular sentiment, "The Merchant Service: alike prepared, in peace or in war, to vindicate the character, and to protect the rights of our common country." The Captain responded in that *suaviter-in-modo-et-fortiter-in-re* style, which ever characterises his public addresses, and then the President and Vice President simultaneously aroused themselves and toasted each other; Jem immediately following up this fraternal gush of affectionate feeling with a song, appropriate to the occasion, and which was sung in such a style as to elicit from the President the following beautiful compliment. "Our woodland minstrel: who

—Murmurs near the rippling brooks
A music sweeter than their own."

And many more good things were "said and sung," ere the heats of noon had given place to the cool shadows of the evening hour. The rods and lines, the creels and reels, and all the other gear, were then resumed; a good afternoon's sport was added to the rare experience of the morning, and then, by moonlight, "homeward ho!" was the word.

So ended our celebration of Independence. In some future numbers it will give me pleasure to discourse to you of "other fields and pastures new." At present, adieu!

NO-ANGLER.

BLOOD OF IMPORTED SCOUT.

YORKVILLE, July 30, 1840.

SIR: In giving the pedigree of Imp. SCOUT, published in the July No. of the Register, p. 364, I say:—

"It will be seen on examination, that Scout has (almost) all the blood of Tranby and Charles XII., with other good and fashionable crosses."

In the publication referred to, the word "almost" is omitted; but whether that omission should be attributed to the printer, or to myself, I cannot venture to affirm. I however do say, that I intended this qualifying word should accompany the remarks, and I so used it in the bills of the colt the past spring season. It is always painful to me to see individuals claiming a similitude and identity of blood, when the connection is often very slight; and I would much regret to be justly liable to the charge. But am I not justified in the remark as above stated? The only blood in Tranby's pedigree that Scout has not in full, is the Orville cross, and even here it is "a distinction without a difference." Orville traces to Termagant through Beningbrough (g. g. grandson of Squirt), and Highflyer; whilst Sir Paul, in the pedigree of Scout, goes to the same mare through Sir Peter (best son of Highflyer), and Tandem (a grandson of Squirt).

In like manner Scout has all the blood of Charles XII., with the exception of the same Orville cross, and that Charles was got by Voltaire (a son of Blacklock), whilst Scout has Blacklock himself, as the sire of his dam.

With this explanation, deeming myself "rectus in curia," which, when translated, means, in vernacular language, "perfectly in town with a pocket full of rocks,"

I remain, Sir, respectfully yours, &c. W. C. BEATTY.

THE ADVANTAGES OF HANDICAPS:

THEIR GOOD EFFECT AS AN ENCOURAGEMENT TO OWNERS OF HORSES TO RESERVE THEIR POWERS TILL THEY HAVE ARRIVED AT A FULL STATE OF PERFECTION, WITH A FEW REMARKS IN SUPPORT OF THE HORSES OF THE PRESENT DAY.

Here's the note
How much your chain weighs to the utmost carat,
The fineness of the gold, the changeful fashion.

THE standard of value of a race-horse is very materially determined by the station which he occupies in the Handicaps, as producing those trials which sooner or later generally proclaim his real power—an event which in many cases would never happen if all races were confined to specific weights without any penalty for previous winnings, or allowance for having run unsuccessfully. Many races terminate in what appear to be very close contests between horses, although in reality the one is very superior to the other—in some instances from want of a strong run race, which is always necessary to decide the real merits of the animal. On other occasions the jockey prudently requires his horse merely to win a clear length or two, whereas, if he had been pressed, he might have run in before the others a very considerable distance. Again, when an animal is really defeated, the humane rider never attempts to punish him unnecessarily; and thus, although he may not be within a hundred yards of the leading horse at the conclusion of the race, he might, had there been any object to be gained, have been considerably nearer. Handicaps, however, generally at some period or other decide a horse's true speed and distance, and are now become such valuable prizes as to render them objects worthy of attention.

Racing rules and regulations, like other laws, must be fashioned according to the manners and customs of the times, and the condition of the people for whose accommodation and welfare they are enacted, due regard being paid to the encouragement of everything which is likely to promote improvement in the breed of horses, and consequently the prosperity of those who possess them.

I have known some persons advance an argument that the horses of the present day are inferior to those of our ancestors; and these casuists infer that this alleged inferiority has been brought about by the introduction of short races with light weights, as also by calling upon the animal to exert his energies at too early an age. Of these individuals it is to be observed, on one point they reason only by analogy, whilst on the others they are rather mistaken as

to the present state of Turf affairs. They *conclude* that a horse, not being required to run four-mile heats, is a weak degenerate animal; that is, however, a very fallacious system of drawing inferences, whilst it by no means proves the axiom. In the first place it does not decide the fact, that the horse not being called upon to exert himself beyond those bounds which are circumscribed by humanity and reason, he would not be *able* to run as great a distance, and carry as much weight, as the best of those which our forefathers possessed, if any urgent *necessity* required such a performance. There is one question, however, which I have never been able to hear decided by the votaries of ancient horse-flesh—at what time was the English thorough-bred horse at the highest degree of perfection, if he is not so at this? Certainly not a century ago, when four-mile heats were in vogue! The greatest proof of the value of any animal or other property is the price which it will command; and I can assert, without fear of contradiction, that at no period whatever have first-rate horses been sold for more money than within the last twenty years; and those high prices have in many instances been obtained from foreigners, so that our breed of horses have not deteriorated in value, whatever they may have done in the scale of perfection, from the desire which they manifest in procuring them.

There are many reasons why very light weights are objectionable; but that high weights alone are the means of promoting the success of what appear to be the most powerful animals does not seem to be the case; providing each horse has a due allowance according to his age, the results are in most cases the same, whether they run at 9st. or 12st. As to training at two years old, it may be objectionable, and no doubt it is, if carried to an excess. The deficiency of Stakes of sufficient value and importance for horses to contend for when they have arrived at the age of maturity, has been held to be a great drawback to our present system of racing. To show that our meetings are not quite destitute of such inducements is the chief object of these remarks.

The old-fashioned weights and distance of the Royal Plates of former days are fortunately quite exploded; they were evils which, like all other great ones, worked their own defeat from the oppression and unnecessary ordeal which they inflicted upon the animal. Very few owners of horses of any value thought them worth contending for, when there became other prizes attainable with less risk; consequently they were frequently walked over for, and doubtless in many instances the spoil divided between the owners of two or three of such horses as might be supposed to be nearly upon an equality. These circumstances calling forth the consideration of those who had the control of them, with much good sense they determined to reduce both the weights and the distance.

Passing over the Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger, with the exception of a few Stakes at Newmarket, and one or two at Ascot and Goodwood—which latter amount to a large sum, in consequence of the immense stake which each subscriber becomes responsible for, and which renders them only available to Noblemen and those who are

possessed of unlimited fortunes—the great Handicaps are become the most valuable prizes of the day, and the leading features of our present system of racing. They are equally attainable by men of moderate fortune as those who possess the greatest wealth, inasmuch as the subscription to them is moderate; not like the glittering prizes just alluded to, which are augmented by the enormous subscriptions of two or three hundred sovereigns each, and thereby rendered in many instances but dearly-bought trophies from the numerous essays which are generally requisite to acquire one of them; whilst Handicaps are seldom beyond the modest sum of twenty-five sovereigns each, being made up of the accumulated little fives which are so universally and so liberally subscribed by all the patrons of our truly National British Sport: by this means some of them exceed a thousand sovereigns in value—an amount surely large enough to satisfy the cupidity of any reasonable man on one event.

The weights which are imposed on good horses in the great Handicaps, such as the Liverpool, Goodwood, Leamington, Somersetshire, *cum multis aliis*, are generally high enough to please the most fastidious on that point: however, it is a good principle to go upon, and I am of opinion that no horse under any circumstances should carry less than 6st. 7lb.: very light and inexperienced boys cannot have that command over horses which is necessary to make the most of them; and if the highest weight begins at 10st. 10lb., or 10st. 12lb., it is quite sufficient to bring a very moderate three-year-old upon terms with the best six-year-old or aged horse: if it will not, the young one is not worth keeping on. One of the advantages which the present system presents is the exclusion of two-year-olds (except in some few Stakes at Newmarket); thus an additional inducement is offered to reserve horses to a more advanced age, whilst there are plenty of Two-year-old Stakes in various parts of the kingdom to try the powers of such infantile performers.

During the last seven years, the great Handicaps at such places as Goodwood, Liverpool, Manchester, Chester, Cheltenham, and Leamington, have at least three times out of five been won by horses which have attained their fifth year, and on most occasions carrying a full complement of weight. Out of forty-two of these races, only four have been won by three-year-olds; and when it is remarked that such horses as Inheritor, Venison, and Charles XII. were the respective three-year-olds, each of them carrying very light weights in consequence of their qualifications being unknown to the public and to the Handicappers, it cannot be acceded that aged horses have *all* lost their running by early training, or that due encouragement be not given to their owners to reserve them for such good Stakes.

Races drawn up after the principle of the Goodwood Cup, which in point of fact is a kind of Handicap, have an excellent tendency, and are very much coming into fashion at other Meetings. By allowing great weight to maiden five and six year old horses, an inducement is offered to persons to make the experiment of keeping them to that age, in the hope of earning so valuable a prize, and

thereby prove if it really be desirable to procrastinate the services of the animal to that period ; a position, however, which I for one am very sceptical upon, the more so as this great trophy has never yet been won by *any animal* who had been kept in lavender in his juvenile days. Harkaway, who has won it during the last two successive years, was as much abused at two and three years old as any unfortunate animal ever was. I by no means purpose to advocate the system of overdoing two-year-olds ; but I do not believe a colt is injured by early training if it is conducted properly. To imagine that they are invariably worked as old horses are, and that they are sweated in an immensity of clothing, is a proof that those who express such an assertion do not know the practice which trainers observe on such occasions : there are some who never sweat two-year-olds at all, and yet they bring them out fit to run and win.

We oftentimes hear the character of the Arabians highly extolled, because they are said invariably to refuse to dispose of their best brood mares. Such anecdotes may be highly amusing, at the same time they carry as much weight as the celebrated Arabian Nights tales. The sale of our first-rate stallions, however, is a matter of great importance, and on some accounts a lamentable consideration. On the other hand, it must be taken into account that the intrinsic value of our horses is greatly augmented by the avidity which foreigners proclaim in procuring them. Thus the evil which we sustain by their loss is in some measure made up by the circulating medium which we receive in exchange. That our brood mares are not so much the object of their attention may be easily accounted for by the fact that a mare only produces one foal in each year, whereas the horse may become the sire of forty or fifty in the same space of time, and who, being crossed with the mares of their country, produces an animal suitable for their purposes. Priam having been taken from our studs, however, is a great loss ; he has proved himself to be a stallion of very superior merit ; but it is a matter of some notoriety that all his half-brothers were of a very indifferent character. When the racing career of Harkaway has *bona fide* terminated, we may calculate on his becoming a valuable horse in the stud, if he should be fortunate enough to fall into the hands of some liberal individual, who will permit his services to be obtained at a reasonable rate, and at the same time patriotic enough not to suffer him to go abroad under any circumstances.

Like all other speculations from which a great profit may be in prospective, Handicaps are open in some degree to the wily projects of skilful and not over-conscientious individuals, who, by running their horses for other races without having prepared them, or, in plain English, without intending them to win, get them favorably weighted for some particular event, when they calculate upon a great *coup*. These, like other deceptive tricks, do not always come off as anticipated, for there may be others who have been playing the same game ; consequently their horses are upon an equality. There are nevertheless in some degree remedies for these manoeuvres, by the careful attention of the Handicapper to the running of

all the horses which are engaged, when an experienced judge can pretty shrewdly calculate upon what is going on, providing he has seen each race, or has procured information from some competent authority; and when once a man has been known so to disguise the powers of his horses, to guard him most scrupulously on every future occasion, it is the Handicapper's fault if a horse is admitted with too light a weight.

"An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only can be cozened twice."

The opinion expressed by the Stewards and Members of the Jockey Club in 1838, that it was necessary for them to declare their disapprobation of persons starting horses without the intention of winning with them, is of the utmost importance, and almost appears to require a still more positive mode of adopting a remedy. If a rule could be established, that any person who was once convicted by that Body of such fraudulent practices should be disqualified from ever starting a horse again, it would go far towards the prevention of such transactions.

PHENIX.

[London (Old) Sporting Magazine for July, 1840.]

FOREST SPORTS.

BY ALFRED B. STREET, AUTHOR OF "THE FOREST WALK," "SPEARING," ETC.

THE village is stirring with bustle and fright,
The shriek of the panther was heard over night;
And Tyler told Larkin, that down by the drink
The wolves howled so loudly he slept not a wink;
While Meech, the big hunter, was heard to declare
He yesterday almost fell over a bear.

Good lack! what a gossip o'er knitting and tea;
In store and in tavern, what throngings we see!
The grannies the tales bear, each farther from truth:
The codgers rehearse the bold feats of their youth;
Round scamper the urchins, and yell in their play,
"Look out for the panther, he's coming this way!"
Tom Evans drops in, all his features a-twist,
And tells of a beautiful yearling he's miss'd;
Joe Mason counts over, with "blast," and with "darn,"
The sheep that lie dead in the yard by his barn;
And Smetus describes, in a sorrowful tone,
His hives topsy-turvy, and honey all gone.

The rifles are taken from rafter and wall;
The pouches are heavy with powder and ball;
Hurrah for the forest! come Tom and come Joe,
The heifer and lambs cry aloud "To the foe!"
Load, Smetus, your weapon, come Tyler and Meech,
And bear, wolf, and panther, more manners we'll teach!

Our hounds beat the swamp ; we our weapons prepare :
 The wolves through the day hold their rendezvous there ;
 Emerging at midnight, to prowl, and to slay
 Each luckless merino that falls in their way.

A rustle of boughs ; ha ! a buck springs to sight !
 But death strikes the proud one while bounding in flight ;
 The beautiful creature sinks under his ban,
 Eluding the wolf-pack, to perish by man.

But music, hound-music, bursts shrill from the swamp ;
 Crash, flutter the thickets, with rush, and with tramp :
 Our gaunt robber-foes are arous'd, and we seek
 Each rifle his station, just vengeance to wreak ;
 We hear their fierce snarls, while vain battle they wage,
 And the click of their jaws as they snap in their rage :
 They dart from their coverts, with horrible cries,
 Hair bristling, teeth gnashing, and red gleaming eyes ;
 Pursuing, Joe plunges head-first in the bog,
 And brings death to nought but a great staring frog ;
 Tom stumbles o'er Lufra, who, yelping beneath,
 Avenges the wrong by a gripe of his teeth ;
 The rest ply our weapons, fast, steady, and true,
 And earth with their dark shaggy figures we strew :
 With hearty hurrahs then, we push on our way,
 Their scalps as our trophies to boast of the fray.

The hounds are now scenting yon hemlock, whose sides
 A yawning and deep-sunken hollow divides :
 With snort and with blow, Bruin springs to the day,
 And, scorning his company, waddles away.
 The hounds overtake him ; he stops and he rears,
 And Lufra lies flat, from a box on his ears ;
 The black wrestler hugs, in his terrible grasp,
 Poor Juno, who writhes, and drops dead at a gasp :
 But quickly a bullet is winged through his brain,
 And Bruin is marked on our list of the slain.

We climb the wild mountain ; look well, as we tread,
 The panther might bound from some branch overhead.
 Hark ! list his low whining ! gaze up, but beware !
 Or dart-like, his fierce form we'll see in the air.
 Ha ! there sits the monster, with close-crouching frame,
 And fiendish eyes glaring, like balls of red flame.
 Our rifles point upward ; he bristles his back ;
 The thick branches shield him ; we'll wait his attack :
 His muscles contract ; with a leap down he darts,
 His shriek, fierce and keen, thrilling cold through our hearts ;
 One hound is dash'd dead by a stroke of his paw,
 Another is crushed in the grasp of his jaw !
 What fury, what wild tameless fury he shows,
 As dauntless, he dashes and bounds mid his foes !
 One rifle its bullet unerring has driven,
 His tawny form quails not ; new strength it has given :
 Another cracks sharply ; blood flows from the wound ;
 Another, another ; it rains on the ground ;
 And not till a ball through his forehead has flown,
 He rolls with a shudder, and dies with a groan.

[Knickerbocker for June, 1840.]

ON EXPOSING SPURIOUS PEDIGREES,

AND SHEWING UP WORTHLESS HORSES AS BREEDERS.

NASHVILLE, July 22d, 1840.

DEAR P.: I am in the receipt of both the "Spirit" and the "Register," and as usual they are got up in the best style of any sporting papers ever published in this or any other country. They impart, all must allow, much valuable information, and will remain a record of some important facts; but there are causes, innate, perhaps, or the effect of circumstances, which detract from the value of both; and this in matters which you can scarcely control, nor can I tell exactly how you can remedy them.

I allude to the publication of false pedigrees in the "Register." You cannot say to a gentleman—Sir, this pedigree is wrong; some would take mortal offence at your friendly observation, and, in many instances, you do not possess the means of detecting the imposition; and last, not least, you have not the time to bestow in correcting errors. This matter of false pedigrees has lessened greatly the value of that portion of the "Register," yet much that is valuable is left, and if it were once *properly winnowed*, would be almost inestimable. But who shall undertake the task? Let him who does make up his mind to the fate of Ishmael.

Another abuse, scarcely less fatal, is the manner in which almost all our horsemen have felt themselves at liberty to adorn the memoirs and advertisements of their horses; this once placed on the pages of the "Spirit" or the "Register" without contradiction, is believed by many, and you become the *honest organ* of the vilest impositions.

This you cannot control or prevent, yet it is an evil that must in some way be abated; and I fear you will hardly, among your numerous correspondents, find one hardy enough to undertake the task of disabusing the public.

This can only be done by *shewing up* individual instances; but will the public sustain him in such way, as to save him from those personal collisions it is so much the fashion to create out of all newspaper discussions? In England, the freedom with which their writers discuss the merits of the horses and the conduct of their owners, would astonish many of your readers; but there, any man who would take offence, and make it a personal affair, if the blood or merits of his horse is canvassed in the Sporting papers, would be looked on as a fool, or something worse; his only chance is to shew that the writer is wrong, when public opinion forces the assailant to make the *amende honorable*.

Will our people bear this and will the public force all parties to abide an impartial decision? This alone can sustain a writer who shall undertake to expose all the errors of blood and ancestry, of faults and blemishes, which belong to those horses offered to the patronage of our people through the columns of the "Spirit" or the pages of the "Register," whether native or foreign.

Within a short period I have known four importations from

England, amounting in all to near thirty; these came South; not one of all these lots could have found a purchaser at more than one hundred dollars, and some of them at not over half that. It is true most of them had *fair pedigrees*, but they were the most inferior samples, and if worthless in England, are surely not calculated to benefit us. It is now generally admitted that you may improve stock by continually employing the best specimens as breeders, and *wisely versa*, you may ruin the finest if you raise from the most inferior.

You will see in almost every number of the "Register" some horse recorded whose blood is equal to that of old Sir Archy—but "the pedigree has been unfortunately mislaid;" and whose performances would have rivalled those of Childers—"but some unfortunate circumstances prevented his appearance on the Turf," and you are earnestly advised to breed from him by his modest and disinterested owner. This is often the case with our Native horses, and bad enough it is; but as it is easily detected, no one need be deceived. But with the Imported horses it is another affair; few can detect the false flag under which they sail, and until the worthless *stock* shews up the worthless *sire*, he figures as a foreign noble, and thus many become interested in perpetuating the imposition.

My attention was called to this subject by seeing in the "Spirit" and "Register" a notice of some sales of Imported Blood Stock, and the commendations bestowed on them. Among them three are now standing for mares in our country, and any one who pays more than five dollars for serving the *common* mares of the country, pays too much; those owning *fine* mares should breed to them on no terms.

These horses seem fair on paper, and are in truth thorough-bred, but they are worthless as racers, and often suffer under a variety of diseases, such as they will surely transmit to their progeny. In a late number of the "Register" I saw an Imported horse announced with high commendation; this horse was on sale more than a month, at Liverpool, was offered each sale-day, and if seventy-five dollars had been bid, he would have been sold. This was told to me by the Auctioneer. On pointing out this importation to an Englishman now here, who knew the horse, he declared him the most inferior horse in a lot of one thousand; he said his blood was good, but that he was utterly worthless as a racer; add to which, he was diseased *throughout*, from his feet to his head—that such importations would ruin the character of the English horses.

Shall such horses be brought among us?—Is it not the duty of all who know these things to state them through the "Spirit" or "Register"?—Will the Public sustain any writer who may expose them? I am unwilling to commence the business, but the abuse is becoming somonstrous, surely some remedy must be applied, or we shall have the refuse of the English Turf sent here to ruin our stock, now improving so rapidly.

Yours, D.

SALMON FISHING IN CANADA.

"I never wander where the bordering reeds
 O'erlook the muddy stream whose tangling weeds
 Perplex the Fisher; I nor choose to bear
 The thievish nightly net nor barbed spear!
 Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,
 Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.
 Around my steel no tortured worm shall twine,
 No blood of living insect stain my line.
 Cheerful along the river's bank I stray—
 Calm thoughtfulness companion of my way,
 And with the well-feigned fly delude the shining prey."

GAY

To the Editor of the New-York Albion:—

SIR: Moralists tell us and experience proves that there is no perfect joy or happiness in this world; but nevertheless it cannot be denied that there is a great deal of comparative and innocent enjoyment to be found. Nor should we deem him unwise, who, whilst he neglects not graver matters, sips occasionally and discreetly of its sparkling cup; and in the *abandon*, for instance, of a few days' seclusion from the busy world, to luxuriate in rural sports, refreshes his moral and physical constitution. Who then can thus within a given time appropriate to himself the largest portion of quiet, harmless, and not irrational recreation? Who can best mingle with his pleasures the observation of the beauties of external nature and the contemplations of philosophy? Who can most distinctly perceive the impress of that beneficent Hand which first fashioned the fair scenes through which he wanders? Whose heart ought to be most expanded with kindly feelings, most impressed with the glories of creation, and most animated with gratitude to the Giver of all good? I hesitate not to answer—the intelligent salmon-fisher.

After sound and balmy sleep he rises with the sun; his body vigorous in health, his mind serene, his heart free from the ascendancy of evil passions. The first song of the birds—the symphonies of a waking world—delight his ear, as he wends his way along the banks of the gushing river, midst the pure fragrance of the morning; whilst the "orient pearl" is shining in his path in prisms of delicate brilliancy from the reflection of the sun's first rays. He enjoys nature amidst her coy retreats in all her early and maiden freshness; and when he casts his glittering fly into the eddy of the dark stream, who feels like him the delightful anticipations of well-founded hope? Should the monarch of the stream

"From his dark haunts beneath the tangled roots
 Of pendant trees

whilst haply o'er the shaded sun
 Passes a cloud, then desperate take the death,"

and dart with his fatal prize down the current, awaking the echoes of the woody banks with the note of the far-resounding reel—who then *can* have enjoyment equal to that of the fisher? Beyond all question he is at that moment, and during the long struggle that follows, happiest of the happy; and when the victory is won, and whilst he bends exultingly over the silvery salmon, which now lies

gasping at his feet, on hard rock, white sand, or grassy bank—there is no living man who might not envy the sensation of the Salmocide.

Seeing, Mr. Editor, that thou hast desiderated at this genial season a communication for thy much loved journal on this attractive subject, and hast assured me that a former epistle on the delights of this royal sport was delectable to thy subscribers, and eke had hooked thee some new ones, fresh from the sea—I take up my pen with great pleasure to contribute my mite to thy esteemed *Albion*, ever leal to its glorious country and true to its name; without the weekly perusal of whose well-stored pages no man or woman of any standing in society can exist in these provinces. I shall now give thee a short account of a late fishing expedition to the River Jacques Cartier; a fine salmon stream, nine leagues up the St. Lawrence: premising, lest the reader's expectations should be raised too high, that I have no stirring incidents by flood or field to narrate—that the success of my companion and myself was not remarkable—in short, like the weary knife-grinder, that though I write a long letter I have little story to tell.

To begin then the little journal. At four o'clock on Tuesday morning, the 30th of June last, a gallant general officer, well known to fame, and distinguished by his brilliant conduct at Waterloo, with your correspondent, set off from this city to D  ry's bridge, on the Jacques Cartier, with a light wagon astern, containing our baggage; provided also with those desirable accompaniments called "creature comforts." These it is not necessary to recapitulate; but it would be ingratitude of the deepest dye to slur over the merits of our delicious Westphalia, and one inestimable beef-steak pie, to both of which I shall always owe the greatest obligation.

The morning was dark and sultry, giving promise of rain; which, after a long drought, was much wanted by the farmers; and as our river was suspected to be too low for good fishing, we earnestly desired it might come down in torrents, maugre the wetting we should receive. And we were not disappointed, for the rain soon began to fall heavily, and continued all the way; whilst we sat in the carriage enjoying it almost as much as the grateful habitants whose parched fields it refreshed, or as the rejoicing ducks before their doors.

The Jacques Cartier is one of those numerous rapid rivers which have their sources in the wild and mountainous country to the North and North-East of Quebec. Its course for the greater part is turbulent and impetuous, running through a broken granite tract; but at length, escaping from the mountains, it forms several quiet and beautiful reaches in the neighborhood of the large and fine Lake St. Joseph, from which it receives a considerable tributary. Here, consequently, there is some rich alluvial land on its banks. Pursuing its way from thence, the river becomes again exceedingly rapid as it descends towards the valley of the St. Lawrence; ploughing its way through the Limestone and Sandstone rock, and forming a bed for itself of the most extraordinary configuration in some places. At length, after a rough course of two hundred

miles, its brown but clear waters mingle with the great river of Canada.

Salmon dearly love all these cool rapid streams. They begin to run up the Jacques Cartier in the middle of June, but not in any considerable numbers till nearly the end of the month. The first detachment, or advanced guard, consists of large fish, of bright silvery color, running at once from the St. Lawrence and the Sea, and retaining still all their plumpness and marine vigor. Consequently the fishing at this season is always better and more exciting—from the size and great strength of the fish—than at a later period of the summer, when the smaller salmon, or grisle, which, it is believed, had gone down to the sea as fry in the Spring, begin to make their appearance. To compensate, however, for the greater size of their elder brothers, or, more probably, their papas and mamas, the grisle are far more numerous, and much more manageable and lively on the hook.

On our arrival at Déry's Bridge, at nine o'clock, we found the river slowly rising, but still too low for our sport. With eager anticipations of success, when it should be sufficiently full to bring up fresh fish, we set to work preparing our tackle, feeling a certain degree of minute and not very criminal selfishness at having the stream to ourselves; whilst

“——— fleeting clouds their spongy fleeces drain,
Troubling the streams with swift descending rain;
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide—
Now expectation cheers our eager thought:
Our bosoms glow with treasures yet uncaught.”

This day, however, our hopes were destined to be baffled; and after unsuccessfully exploring all the good holes and casts, of which your correspondent did the honors as Cicerone to the stranger, we returned, changed our wet clothes, and, for want of anything better to do, sat down to dinner.

By this time two more fishermen from Quebec had made their appearance; and such is the weakness of human nature that we cannot aver with truth we felt any very lively satisfaction at their arrival. The fishing ground is limited, and the good holes and casts are not numerous; so that not more than two people can enjoy the sport at the same time with elbow room and comfort. Besides, it is not particularly agreeable to find, when you come to your favorite spot, that some pertinacious person, just arrived, has been whipping the innocent water without mercy for the last half-hour. Nor will it soothe your feelings much—though the circumstance may be delectable to your risible muscles—at discovering that your new friend's fly has been fastened to the high branch of a maple on the bank, in a state of perfect repose, for ten minutes, whilst the kind-hearted angler all this time, in mercy to the fish, has been unconsciously thrashing away without it, expecting a rise every cast of his line.

The best morning fishing is between six and eight o'clock, but there is generally such a rivalry as to early rising between fishers

here, that most of them makes their exit from Déry's Cottage, or from Madame Trepannier's, a rival house on the hill opposite, before sunrise, and some with the earliest dawn. We, accordingly, rose shortly after day-light, and proceeded to our sport, taking different sides of the river. I repaired at once to the broad stream above the "Chute," as they call a place where the river runs violently down a long inclined plane of smooth and slippery rock, at an angle of about forty degrees; a point where the fish are much accustomed to rest after surmounting the different rapids below. Wading in here as deeply as I could with safety, and casting the line to the full extent that a powerful rod of twenty-one feet would throw it, I soon hooked a very large fish on the crest of the fall. As usual I attempted at once to take him up the stream, away from his dangerous position; but my progress was slow, for the rock on which I stood was smooth as glass, and the *momentum* of the strong current as much as I could stem. But my finny friend gave me little time for manœuvre; for after two or three mad springs out of the water, he darted off, like a whale from the harpoon, and down the Chute he rushed, at a rate of sailing which, judging from the report of my log, the reel, could have been little less than thirty knots an hour.

Many major and minor miseries occur in life, though not enumerated amongst the black catalogue in Beresford's book. But he, admirable *raconteur* as he was, had not imagination enough to invent, nor grasp of mind to embrace, the maximum of calamities—the misery of miseries—the *malheur monstre*, that now befel me. For, to my unutterable horror, I perceived that in his rapid race down the Chute, the mischievous fish had firmly twisted my line—my inestimable silk line, one hundred and twenty yards long—round a projecting and unapproachable rock in the mid-cataract; and was now employed, some ninety yards down the stream, in cutting summersaults of derision at my distress.

Alas, fruitless were all my efforts to extricate my line from the hard-hearted rock. In vain I moved my position up and down, and laterally, and obliquely, and in every direction, and eased the strain on the line, and then pulled, and hauled, and halloed for assistance, and desperately advanced into the stream within a hairbreadth of destruction! All would not do. Destiny had willed that fish should triumph over fisher this morning. At length by one fell plunge the remorseless salmon carried off my magnificent line, casting line and fly; leaving me alone in my misery, and up to my elbows in water!

The temptation was great—the river rushed by fiercely, and the cataract was at hand, but I strove against the fiend and defeated him. I did *not* drown myself. Nay more; I bore this dire calamity with something approaching to calm resignation and fortitude, and can appeal to Madame Déry, whether at breakfast on that melancholy morning I did not fall to like a philosopher. Truly no spectator could have surmised the preceding misfortune when witnessing the scene; for the new-laid eggs disappeared in dozens, as if by magic—the fried salmon evaporated in lusty and

odoriferous slices—the mighty bowl of strawberries and cream soon ebbed to the bottom—the fragrant infusion of gunpowder and pekoe followed by the half-gallon—and as for the stock of toast, its innumerable parallelograms fell prostrate before the attacks of the General and myself, somewhat after the fashion of the columns of his old adversary, Foy, beneath the deadly aim of the defenders of Hougomont.

Par parenthese—I pity the unhappy mortal who cannot enjoy a hearty breakfast. It is the ordination of nature that man, and all respectable and civilized animals, should prepare betimes for the duties and labors of the day, by an ample allowance of suitable food, to be assimilated into bland and kindly nutriment, and the milk of good humor, by the morning vigor of the stomach. We are not angels, but very homely flesh and blood. It is therefore manifestly our duty to coincide in the arrangement; and we may be assured that there is something radically wrong in his system, mental or corporeal, who cannot or will not receive this bounty of Providence gratefully and *con amore*, as he ought.

But, to proceed regularly. On my way back from the Chute, as I ascended the bank very pensively after my misfortune, I beheld my gallant friend, who was fishing on the other side, at the hole called “L’Hôpital,” busily engaged with a good fish which he had just hooked. As I was not yet acquainted with his capabilities in the art piscatorial, it afforded me gratification to observe that he played his fish skilfully and was evidently well acquainted with his *metier*. The salmon he had on was strong and active, but the place was favorable for the fisher; there being a fine deep hole at hand to retreat in, where the salmon might tumble about as much as he pleased. Seeing nobody near to assist in gaffing the fish, I ran round the bridge with this object; but found on my arrival that the General had secured his prize himself—a fine plump salmon of eleven pounds.

During this day, which was also wet, the river had risen a good deal, and the water had become somewhat muddy. We therefore had no farther sport, nor had either of the other fishermen, though each of us caught a good ducking; and when wading, it was doubtful which end of us was the wettest. In the evening the weather cleared up, and we consoled ourselves for lack of sport with a cigar or two, of transcendent merit, with which my companion was provided, seated on the lofty picturesque bridge. And here we remained, lulled by the loud brawling of the noble stream beneath us, and admiring the view down the valley, and the rich outline of the woods on the high banks, drawn in beautiful distinctness on the clear western sky, till the waning brightness of the moon warned us of repose.

Next day, Thursday, we rose with the first light, buoyant with expectation and sanguine of success. The General again took the left bank of the river and I the right; and we were not a little pleased to find that nobody but ourselves was yet stirring—the other two gentlemen being still in their beds. My companion soon hooked a large salmon a little above the Chute, which made despe-

rate play for half an hour, but was then effectually subdued. Unfortunately the hook had but a slender hold, and the small filament of skin which it embraced was nearly worn through by the violent struggles of the fish; so that in the very act of gaffing, the lucky rogue gave a convulsive splash with his tail, broke from the hook, and escaped. But, soon after, the General had better luck with two other good fish, which he killed; and I caught one also at the same spot. We then sauntered about the pretty bank for a while, returned to our cottage, changed our wet clothes, and sat down to breakfast.

After a walk in the garden, which commands a fine view of the "Grand Réts," one of the best and deepest holes in the river, I commenced dressing flies, whilst my companion enjoyed a siesta to compensate for rising with the June dawn. When I had done, I took my rod and gaff and strolled a couple of miles down the left bank, to an old favorite spot called the "Remoust St. Jean." Here I immediately took a large fish, and having at once run him up from the jaws of a strong rapid where he lay, into a fine capacious hole above, I made tolerably certain of securing the gentleman.

For the benefit of my younger angling brethren I may here observe, that, for about a minute after a salmon takes the fly he suffers himself to be led where the fisher pleases; being apparently rather gratified than annoyed by the novel sensation of being towed gently up the stream. Now is the time, whilst he is in good humor, to run away with him from his usual haunt at the tail of the hole, where the rapid begins, to a safe neighborhood. But the fish soon discovers his mistake, and finds that the insect he has gorged is likely to lead him a pretty dance. He then all at once loses his temper, very naturally, attempts to bruise the fly against the rocks at the bottom, or jerk it out of his mouth in a course of saltation, three or four feet high into the air—

"Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,
Lashes the wave and beats the foamy lake;
With sudden rage he now aloft appears,
And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;
And now again, impatient of the wound,
He rolls and writhes his shining body round."

Failing in all his attempts to get rid of his little barbed tormentor, by main force or manœuvre, the fish at length, contrary to his instinct, makes a dash down the river.

The large salmon I now had on suffered himself to be conducted quietly enough for sixty or seventy yards up the stream. But then, *comme d'ordinaire*, his choler rose, and after careering wildly and rapidly through the hole—no doubt to the great astonishment of the cool and sober fish in it—and pitching himself about a dozen times into the air, he made for the rapid, and rushed down where I could not follow him; carrying off the fly.

I had never been so unlucky as on this occasion—indeed, I had previously been spoiled by angling prosperously. But now my breast was become a target for the arrows of misfortune, and every

fish realized Dr. Johnson's definition, and made a fool of me. Yet I did not succumb; for a true fisherman, like a veritable philosopher, should be the personification of patience as well as of fortitude, and other cardinal manly virtues. Not, however, of that shabby, pseudo, miserable abortion of patience that squats in a punt, exulting at a nibble every eight hours, and turns up its eyes when a minnow escapes; but of that virile virtue, which, under the pressure of a calamity like the loss of this super-eminent fish, simply soliloquizes "off, by Jove!" elevates the left shoulder slightly, and mounts a new fly.

We are told on classical authority that fortune often changes her tactics when she tires of persecuting; and sometimes even falls in love with the individual whom she may have very lately most grievously injured. We know from the same information that an honest man, struggling with adversity, is "*Diis gratum*," pleasing to the gods. The versatility of the capricious goddess was soon after this catastrophe very agreeably displayed, for I hooked and killed two good salmon, and took two more in the evening.

On Friday morning, having killed a fine fish below the Chute, I was fishing at the "Grand Rets"—a deep hole near the bridge, at the head of the most impetuous rapid in the whole course of the river—when the General joined me. Soon after, I hooked two large savage fellows consecutively, which took down the boiling torrent. *Malheureusement* the revolution of the reel did not keep pace with their speed, and they both broke off; one smashing the hook and the other carrying off the fly.

It is an unworthy maxim of the Duke de Rochefoucault—arising, probably, from experience of neglect when wounded in the Fronde wars—that there is something not altogether displeasing to us in the calamities of our best friends. Without stopping to enquire whether the *amitie* of the Philosopher's compatriots was characterised in his days by much of the severe and self-denying virtue of Damon and Pythias—of which there is great doubt—we may safely say that if the Duke acted on his own maxim when one of his intimates broke his leg, or had his house burned, or lost his place at court, or an estate, or a near and dear relative—illustrious moralist as he was deemed, he was in reality little better than an unfeeling and sordid brute.

But in a qualified and lower sense the aphorism may be true; and when our perception of the ludicrous in any misfortune of our friends is not extinguished by the serious nature of the calamity, there is no great harm in chuckling a little, *sub rosā*, on the occasion.

And so, my distinguished companion who stood on the rock above me, I doubt not, enjoyed quietly the scene of the evasion of these fish, and my concern at the misfortune, though he was too considerate to my feelings to laugh outright.

The General appeared to be of opinion that in playing these two fish there had been some fault on the part of the fisher, and that he had opposed their inclination to go down the rapid too roughly.

When resuming our sport in the evening, and passing the "Grand Réts" he said jokingly "come, senior, I shall take a cast here and shew you how to manage a fish."

He then covered the tail of the hole, where the enormous rapid begins, and almost immediately hooked a large salmon, for they are generally very numerous here, as the place is a kind of half-way house to refresh in when ascending this difficult part of the river. My companion conducted his fish very skilfully into the hole, *en bon pecheur*, and finding him very tractable, he smiled at me with a slight expression of triumph. But, "*il rit bien qui rit dernier*"—very short was his exultation, for in a couple of minutes Mr. Salmo, who had been hitherto quietly exploring the dark recesses of the "Grand Réts," all at once took a prodigious running leap into the main rapid, and putting his head down the river, started off at full speed, without bidding the General "good bye;" carrying off his picturesque Jay's hackle as a trophy.

I confess to my shame I was wicked enough to act on the Rochefoucault principle, and laughed at my friend's consternation; in which he heartily joined himself.

An observant salmon or trout-fisher has many opportunities of noticing recondite operations in Natural History during his frequent explorations of the river banks; and Entomology, particularly, is indebted to Paley and Davy, and other illustrious brethren of the angle, for many secrets in the instinct of insects—several families of which are born in or near the water.

One day during this visit I observed, on the vertical side of a very large granite boulder in the river, an enormous cluster of flies of the order diptera, somewhat smaller than the common house fly, but yet in the pupa state. The mass was about two feet square, and was elevated a yard above the water; though no doubt, when the ova were deposited, the river covered the nest. The insects were nearly ready for flight and must have numbered some millions; and, if the offspring of one fly, we need not wonder that our dwellings are so plagued.

I was sorry to find that no swallow or other fly-catcher had yet discovered this prodigious magazine of provisions; but there was one solitary and bloated spider enjoying himself in prying over the still torpid but living mass. There was no necessity here for any artifice, for he had only to survey the innumerable insects over which he crawled, select a dozen or two of the fattest and tenderest of these chicken flies for his breakfast or dinner, and put them to death at once. Having a mortal antipathy to the whole volant race, I did not disturb him in his operations.

On Saturday morning we were again early a-foot, but without success. As I stood on the rocky ledge above the "Grand Réts," and dipped my fly into the dark pool immediately under my feet, a very large salmon came up deliberately to the surface to reconnoitre it, turning one eye to the object to see it more distinctly. But it would not stand this close inspection; for the fish was probably enough of an entomologist to know that a queer looking, though shining thing, with an odd bent body, a nondescript tail,

more feet than was usual, and a long string attached to it, could not be an edible insect. Perhaps he had received a sting in the jaw from something similar before, and had thus gained scientific knowledge by experience. So, he would have nothing to do with it; and with what looked very like an indignant turn up of his nose, and toss of his tail, he retired into the deep water.

After spending four most agreeable days at this secluded and very beautiful spot, and killing nine good salmon and several trout, we returned to Quebec on Saturday evening. PISCATOR.

Quebec, July 10, 1840.

RIFLE SHOOTING.

MISSISSIPPI, Jan. 11, 1840.

DEAR SIR: I have kept a diary of my shooting for the last twenty months, which I give you, in hopes that it will elicit something similar from some one who has been as curious on this subject as myself. The following table is a transcript, and if it won't be asking too much, I would be pleased to have you give it an insertion.

Respectfully yours,

A MISSISSIPPIAN.

	No. of shots off hand.	Yards.	Inches.	Eighths.
April 4. 1838	10	110	28	4
June 4. "	10	110	28	7
" 16. "	10	110	31	3
" 22. "	10	110	26	2
Aug. 10. "	10	110	27	1
Sept. 13. "	12	120	42	4
" 14. "	12	120	46	2
Oct. 6. "	20	100	61	
Jan. 9. 1839	10	110	19	6
" 16. "	10	125	23	
" 18. "	10	110	28	6
" 22. "	10	105	27	5
" 25. "	20	100	58	4
Feb. 13. "	10	120	25	4
" 19. "	10	130	33	
" 20. "	10	100	28	
April 16. "	20	100	53	2
" 26. "	10	100	21	2
May 1. "	20	105	42	1
" 7. "	10	105	18	6
" 10. "	20	105	50	2
Aug. 6. "	10	100	25	2
Sept. 7. "	10	100	28	
Oct. 18. "	10	100	25	6
" 25. "	25	105	63	1
Nov. 15. "	10	105	21	
" 23. "	50	105	145	2
" 25. "	25	105	77	2
" 28. "	10	100	17	6
" 30. "	10	105	27	5
	424		1152	5

Aggregate or String measure, less than $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches a shot.

The above was published in the "Spirit of the Times" of the 8th Feb. last, and brought out the following from a gentleman of this city, who writes as follows:—

NEW YORK, Aug. 3, 1840.

* * * You will observe some discrepancies in the various distances, occa-

sioned by my shooting a number of shots at a greater distance than the Mississippian; the reason why I did not conform to all his distances, was the want of proper ground, which it is very difficult to obtain in the neighborhood of New York.

I did not intend to publish this, but at the solicitation of the New York Off-Hand Rifle Club I have consented, with your permission.

		No. of shots off hand.	Yards.	Inches.	Eighths.
Feb.	28. 1840.	10	100	24	6
"	" "	10	100	27	3
March	2. "	10	100	26	7
"	10. "	10	100	21	7
"	13. "	10	100	17	1
"	" "	10	100	28	1
"	21. "	10	110	27	3
"	28. "	10	110	29	6
"	" "	10	110	19	7
"	" "	10	110	26	2
April	6. "	10	110	29	4
"	16. "	10	100	21	4
"	" "	10	100	22	
"	" "	10	100	25	
"	" "	10	100	27	
"	18. "	10	100	21	3
"	" "	10	100	22	5
"	" "	10	100	17	5
"	23. "	11	104	26	4
"	" "	10	104	25	6
"	30. "	10	104	22	2
"	" "	19	104	58	1
May	4. "	10	104	26	
"	" "	10	104	26	
"	13. "	10	104	21	1
"	19. "	10	104	19	4
"	25. "	20	104	39	5
June	8. "	10	104	15	2
"	" "	10	104	27	
"	" "	10	104	26	6
"	12. "	5	104	4	7
"	" "	10	104	18	4
"	" "	10	104	17	6
"	23. "	54	130	194	5
"	27. "	5	125	14	1
"	29. "	20	104	46	
		424		1065	6
Mississippian				1152	5.
New Yorker				1065	6.

String reduced by the New Yorker..... 86 7.

P.S. I have given you a specimen of my aggregate shooting: I will now give you a little majority shooting.

July 13th, I shot 30 shots, 21 of which struck a four-inch bull's-eye,—13 within 1½ inch from the centre. July 16th, I shot 10 shots, 5 of which hit a dollar. July 30th, I shot 22 shots, 11 of which were within 1½ inch from the centre,—7 hit a dollar. The distance was 104 yards, off hand.

A NEW YORKER,

And the only member that voted in favor of accepting the Savannah Club's proposition in 1835, when they gave us the back of the hand.

N.B. The targets are all preserved for future reference. It may be as well to state that the majority of the shooting was made when the wind was very high. Weight of rifle, 14 pounds; length of barrel, 32 inches. Ball, 43 to the pound—cut by W. L. Hudson, of New York.

Notes of the Month.

SEPTEMBER.

ON DITS.—We learn, under the date of the 25th of July, from Nashville, that on that day *Wagner*, *Altorf*, *Allen Brown*, *Buck-Eye*, and a Henry colt, had just reached that city, to be put into immediate training for the Fall campaign. We shall look to the results of this campaign in Tennessee with peculiar interest, from the number of colts which will come out, the get of untried stallions. The turfmen of North Alabama—a district of country well entitled to be called “the Race Horse region” of the South-west—have heavy engagements on their colts in Tennessee, and the success in the stud of several imported horses will be there first tested.

MR. JAMES LONG, of Washington City, has presented to his friend HECTOR BELL, of Virginia, the fine Eclipse colt *Olympius*, out of Flirtilla Jun., by Sir Archy. *Olympius* was the winner of the Produce Stake at Washington in the Spring of 1839.

A very sporting affair is likely to come off at Gallatin, Tenn., this month, being a Sweepstakes of Twenty-three subscribers, at \$1000 each, Two mile heats.

The fine Leviathan mare *Vashti*, and *Lady Bitter* by *Marion*, have been stunted to Sir Pitt this season. The latter has a very promising filly at her side by *Imp. Priam*, a bay, with no other white than a star, which D. McDaniel has nominated in the great Produce Stake at Raleigh, Spring of 1843. *Vashti* is now the property of the Messrs. BRYAN, of N. C., and is in the charge of *Lady Bitter's* owner, D. M. VAN BOKKELER, Esq., of Newbern, N. C.

NEW RACE COURSES.—A recent letter from Missouri informs us that Messrs. Y. N. OLIVER and W. J. STRATTON have purchased from Maj. SMITH for \$25,000, a tract of land within three miles of the beautiful city of St. Louis, on which they propose to establish a race course of the most superior description. Mr. Stratton will break ground in November next, and everything will be in readiness for a meeting the ensuing Spring. In the meantime Col. Oliver is busily engaged in fitting up his course at Cincinnati. A splendid Service of Plate, from the celebrated establishment of Storr and Mortimer, London, has just arrived per the “British Queen,” to be run for at the ensuing races.

New Course at Little Rock.—A correspondent in Arkansas informs us that Messrs. TUNSTALL, WARING, & Co., have laid out a new race course within a mile and a quarter of the city of Little Rock, which will be completed before the ensuing session of the Legislature, and a meeting will be held during that period. The proprietors are gentlemen of means and spirit, and will leave nothing undone calculated to give eclat to the sports of the Turf at the capital of the State. The stable of Tunstall, Noland & Safford made a most brilliant campaign last season, and the fact has excited so much emulation among the different Turfmen of Arkansas, Missouri and Illinois, that almost all have made accessions to their strength, so that we are led to anticipate the most spirited competition this Fall.

New Course in North Carolina.—A spirited correspondent writes us from Jackson, Northampton County, that arrangements are in progress for the establishment of a fine race course at that place, making the third new course of which intelligence has reached us during the month.

SALE OF STOCK IN KENTUCKY.—The sale of Cattle by the Fayette Cattle Importing Company was numerously attended by farmers from all the adjoining counties, and the herd was very well distributed. The greater number purchased under one name, was by Mr. R. Fisher, of Mercer county. H. Clay, Jr., of Bourbon, purchased three, A. McClure, of Jessamine, three. So far as we could ascertain,

they were divided among the counties as follows: Mercer five, Scott five, Fayette eight, Jessamine four, Clark two, Bourbon five. The prices, for the times, we suppose, were fair, excepting those of the bulls, Carcass and *Æolus*, which for their cost should have sold higher. Carcass came to America with a great reputation as a *prize* bull; it was therefore supposed he would have brought a better price. We infer from this sale that superior breeding cattle are still in demand, notwithstanding the great number brought into the country. We are informed that there will probably be no importations this season from England. A proper use of what we have, will make a vast change on the herds of the U. States. Nothing is wanting to render the cattle of the United States equal to those of any region of the world, but an observance of the rules of breeding and rearing cattle, deduced from the long experience of other countries. We have luxuriant pastures, abundant grain, and a kind climate. What else do we lack but prudence and skill in their use?

The following are the names of the purchasers, cattle, and the prices:—

Victoria, purchased by R. Fisher.....	\$1750	Isabella—R. Fisher.....	\$355
Prince Albert, her calf—J. Flournoy...	350	Lady Eliza—H. Clay, Jr. of Bourbon ..	660
Miss Hopper—Thos. Calmes.....	270	Orlando, calf of Lady Eliza—H. Clay,	
Washington—Dr. W. H. Richardson ...	85	Jr., of Bourbon.....	305
Carcass—B. Gratz.....	725	Lilly—T. Calmes.....	390
<i>Æolus</i> —R. Fisher.....	610	Trajan, calf of Lilly—Wheeland & Co.	150
Eclipse—R. Fisher.....	1050	Nancy—C. J. Rogers.....	730
Elizabeth—A. McClure.....	505	Avarilda—John Allen.....	920
Maria, calf of Elizabeth—J. R. Ford...	310	Bruce, calf of Avarilda—M. Williams.	315
Miss Luck—H. Clay, Jr., of Bourbon ...	800	Beauty—H. Clay, of Fayette.....	700
Nelson, calf of Miss Luck—P. Tod-		Flora, calf of Beauty—J. Thorn.....	410
hunter.....	610	Miss Maynard—A. McClure.....	1005
Fashion—G. W. Williams.....	440	Milton, calf of Miss Maynard—Jas.	
Zela, calf of Fashion—G. W. Williams	445	Gaines.....	285
Splendor—B. Gratz.....	650	Jessica—Joel Higgins.....	330
Tulip—A. McClure.....	700	Rosabella—Wm. Warner.....	465
Britannia and calf Dido—H. Duncan...	375	Crofton—J. Downing.....	155

PROSPECT OF SPORT IN VIRGINIA.—Our sporting friends will be glad to learn that there is every prospect of plenty of racing in Virginia the ensuing campaign, and that of a most interesting character, there being no less than fifteen different stables, each of them having their full complement of horses.

First on the list is Col. JOHNSON, (A. TAYLOR, trainer)—who has *Boston, Norfolk, Rocker, John Hunter*, and *Fordham*.

Mr. O. P. HARE, (Old Charles, trainer) has *Andrewetta, Job, Black Boy*, and several others.

Mr. J. D. KIRBY, (JOHN BELCHER, trainer) has *Camden, Treasurer, Hyde Park*, a filly by Imp. Shakspeare out of Maria West, also a filly by Imp. Fylde out of Jenny Dean.

W. McCARGO, Warrenton Course, N.C., (Lazarus, trainer) has some fifteen or twenty under cover; among them are *David Fylde, Virginia Robinson* by Luzborough, *Ellen Thomas*, own sister to Vashti, *Dolly Thorpe*, a 3 year old by Imp. Shakspeare out of Polly Peachem, an Imp. bl. c. by Actæon or Cain, dam by Comus or Blacklock, 3 years old, and Grey Momus by Hardluck, 4 years old.

Dr. GEO. GOODWYN, (Hark, trainer.) at Belfield, has Imp. ch. c. *Phil. Brown*, by Glaucus out of Bustle, 3 yrs. old, *John Blunt*, by Marion, *Robin Cobb*, by Imp. Felt out of Polly Cobb, 3 yrs. old, *Telemachus*, by Eclipse out of Josephus' dam, 4 yrs. old, a b. c., by Henry Tonson out of Lady Sumner, 3 yrs. old, and a host of 2 yr. olds.

Mr. ISHAM PUCKETT, Fairfield Course, has *Will-go*, by Imp. Luzborough, *Bengal*, by Gohanna out of Gulnare, 4 yrs. old, *Texas*, by Imp. Fylde, 5 yrs. old, and b. h. *Darius*, by Charles, and a 3 yr. old by Gohanna dam by Alfred. 'Tis much to be regretted that the distemper has made sad havoc among Mr. Puckett's horses this Spring; it may prevent them from appearing in the early part of the Campaign.

Dr. THOS. PAYNE, Belfield, has three:—viz., ch. f. *Sally Lundy*, 3 yrs. old, by Shark dam by Van Tromp, ch. c. by Eclipse, 3 yrs. old, out of Jane Shore, and a 2 yr. old filly by Imp. Leviathan, out of Jane Shore.

JAS. TALLEY, Richmond, has *Betsey White*, by Goliah, b. c. by Imp. Tranby, 4 yrs. old, and a br. f. by Imp. Chateau Marguax out of John Lindsay's dam, 3 yrs. old.

Mr. JOHN S. CORBIN has a 4 yr. old Star filly, and two of the get of Imp. Cetus, viz., ch. c. *Nobleman* out of My Lady, and a ch. f. out of Virginia Haxall. It is not decided yet whether *Bandit* will be trained for the Fall campaign.

Major DOSWELL has *Hard Cider* and two or three others. Col. W. L. WHITE has *Jack Pendleton*, with one or two more. J. P. WHITE, Mr. NEWSAM, of Southampton County, GEO. WALDEN, CHAS. CARTER, and Mr. DUVALL, and several other gentlemen, have all got a string of good ones.

MESSRS. TOWNES and WILLIAMSON have *Steel*, *Tattersall*, *Brocklesby*, and a number of young things.

JOHN ALLCOCK has *Balie Peyton*, along with five or six others.

A letter, bearing date the 16th July, informs us that Col. SINGLETON, of South Carolina, has just left for the Virginia Springs, having first sent his fine Rowton colt from his True Blue Plantation to his friend Col. HAMPTON. He has taken up the Nonplus colt for training in his own stable.

TIMING RACES IN ENGLAND.—Nothing is so interesting to American turfmen as to ascertain the exact time in which the English race-horse performs a given distance. We have a memorandum before us, made by an American gentleman, who attended the recent Liverpool July Meeting, in regard to the time made by Lord WESTMINSTER'S *Sleight-of-Hand* (by Pantaloon), who won the Tradesmen's Cup this year, beating *Charles XII.*, *Cruiskeen*, *Deception*, and thirteen others. The race was run on the 15th of July, the day was fine, not at all warm, and the course in fine order. The distance was two miles exactly, and *Sleight-of-Hand*, a four year old, and carrying 109lbs., performed it in 3m. 36s. ! The race is described as a very splendid one, the winner, *Sampson* and *Charles XII.* "being so closely handicapped, that *Sleight-of-Hand* won by a neck only ; *Sampson* beating *Charles* for the second place *nearly by a head*. But the most wonderful circumstance yet remains to be told ; *Charles XII.*, who came so very near winning, is himself but a four year old, and yet carried 125lbs.—only a pound less than an aged horse carries on the Union Course !

The Derby Handicap, run on the same day, was won by Lord GEORGE BENTINCK'S *Capote* (by *Velocipede*). He, 3 years old, with 93lbs. on his back, ran once round and a distance—called a mile—in one minute forty-seven seconds. This, if the distance be accurately measured, it would not be impossible for us to beat ; but the performance of *Charles XII.* is really wonderful.

All the information which English works give us as to the Liverpool Course is contained in the Racing Calendar, and is to the following effect :—"The New Course, now used for both Meetings, is flat, a mile and a half round, *with a straight run in of nearly three quarters of a mile*, and a very gradual rise." The stumbling block in the way of all our Turfmen, who attempt to draw inferences from the time of races in England, is the uncertainty as to the distance—all feel a doubt as to the accuracy of the admeasurement, that being of no importance in the eye of the English sportsmen.

SALES OF STOCK.—The horses presented to the President of the United States, by the Imam of Muscat, were sold according to law, on Tuesday last, at Washington. One was purchased by Mr. POWELL, of Virginia, at \$650, and the other by Gen. EATON, of Tennessee, at \$675.

Passenger was sold the 25th of July, under the hammer, and was knocked down to Major S. RINGGOLD, U.S.A., Price \$2181. The Major started him off immediately for BELCHER'S stable.

A CRICKET MATCH, for \$500 a-side, has been concluded between the Clubs of this city and Toronto, U. C. The New York Club meet their Toronto friends in that city on the first of September, when the 1st match will come off ; the return match will take place soon after near this city. Notwithstanding the high opinion we entertain of our Club, we are not *very* sweet on its winning the match ; many of our best players having seen comparatively little practice of late.

EXTRAORDINARY SALE OF HOUNDS.—The most remarkable sale of hounds ever known took place on Monday, July 6th, at Hyde-park-corner ; the lots sold were thirteen in number, making 127 hounds, exclusive of whelps ; their produce was

6,511 guineas, or *upwards of one hundred pounds per couple!* The pack that realized this enormous sum was "the Osbaldeston," which has hunted the Berkeley country (Herefordshire) under the mastership of Harvey Combe, Esq. They were put up in thirteen lots and brought the following unprecedented prices:—

No.	1.	consisting of 11 hounds, bought by Lord CARDIGAN for	720	gs.
"	2.	" 11 " " " " " "	1020	"
"	3.	" 10 " " " " " Mr. ALLEN	720	"
"	4.	" 10 " " " " " " "	1360	"
"	5.	" 10 " " " " " " "	31	"
"	6.	" 11 " " " " " Lord ROSSLYN	170	"
"	7.	" 10 " " " " " Mr. BERKELEY	980	"
"	8.	" 10 " " " " " Mr. ALLEN	840	"
"	9.	" 11 " " " " " " "	360	"
"	10.	" 11 " " " " " " "	105	"
"	11.	" 11 " " " " " " "	59	"
"	12.	" 11 " " " " " " "	115	"
"	13.	A lot of Whelps	31	"

Subsequently to the sale Lord Cardigan sold all his lots but one. Later papers state that the greater part were bought in by the former owner. The sale is, however, a very remarkable one, and worth recording.

At the late Goodwood Races, including heats, there were actually run thirty-four races during the week, and in one day two of the largest starts took place ever remembered; twenty for the Harkaway Cup, and twenty-four for the 300 sovereigns, the munificent gift of the stewards, Lord EGLINTON and Col. PEEL.

NAMES CLAIMED.—Col. NICHOLAS STONESTREET, of Port Tobacco, Md, that of *Wilton Brown* for his gr. c., 2 yrs. old last Spring, got by Imp. Priam, out of Ninon de l'Enclos by Rattler. Also that of *Countess Ida* for his gr. f. foaled last Spring, got likewise by Priam, out of Laura by Rob Roy. Wilton Brown is engaged in the Pete Whetstone Stake for 1841, and Countess Ida in the Lady's Stake, 1843, to come off at Baltimore.

DORSEY & SMITH, of Clinton, Ga., that of *Noli-me-tangere* for a b. c., 2 yrs. old, by Bertrand Jr., out of Georgia Maid by Contention. Also that of *Betsey Crowell* for a b. f., 2 yrs. old, by John Bascombe, out of Black Sal by Old Whip.

JAMES LANKFORD, Esq., of Coffeetown, South Alabama, that of *Valentine Sevier* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Pulaski (he by Virginian), out of Multiflora by Conqueror. Also that of *Louisa Bullitt* for his filly, foaled 24th March, 1839, by Imp. Philip, out of Multiflora. Also that of *Alligator* for his colt, foaled this Spring, by Imp. Leviathan, out of Multiflora, nominated in the \$5000 Stake at New Orleans, for Fall of 1843.

Col. R. B. CORBIN, Caroline county, Va., that of *Regent* for his ch. c., dropped this Spring by Imp. Priam out of Imp. My Lady by Comus. He is decidedly one of the finest colts ever beheld, so finely proportioned that the most determined fault-finder could not call him too long nor too heavy; his color is a rich chesnut without white, excepting a star in the forehead.

C. F. M. NOLAND, Esq., of Arkansas, that of *Duncan Stewart* for a colt foal by Tom Fletcher, out of a Gohanna mare, (to use his own words) "after that accomplished and elegant *Virginia gentleman*, now a Paymaster in the Army."

Mr. JAMES GARDEN, of Charlotte Co., Va., that of *North Bend* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, out of Betsey Graves, by Clay's Sir William. Also that of *The Farmer* for a 3 yr. old ch. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Director. Also that of *Log Cabin* for a 3 yr. old br. c. by Imp. Emancipation, dam by Virginian. Also that of *Wyatt Cardwell* for a sucking ch. c. by Imp. Rowton, out of Betsey Graves.

L. Y. CRAIG, Esq., of Versailles, Ky., that of *Euphrates* for his br. f. by Imp. Hedgford, out of Brown Maria, by Kosciusko.

THOS. H. CLAY, Esq., of Lexington, Ky., that of *Argentile* for his b. f. by Bertrand, out of Allagante, by Young Truffle, 2 yrs.

TURF REGISTER.

Blood Stock of Wm. B. GREEN, Esq., of near Charlotte Court House, Virginia.

No. 1. RANDOLPHIA, ch. m., with no white, very well formed, about 15 hands 2 inches high, bred by the late Hon. John Randolph, of Roanoke, but at present the property of Wm. B. Green, Esq., of the same county; foaled in 1832. She was got by Gascoigne, out of Aura by (Randolph's) Roanoke—Amy Robsart by Gracchus—Imp. Lady Bunbury by Trumpator—Theopha by Highflyer—Plaything by Matchem—Vixen by Regulus—(Hutton's) Spot—Fox-Cub—Bay Bolton—Coneyskins—(Hutton's) Grey Barb—Byerly Turk.

Her Produce.

1836. B. c. by Imp. Claret [dead].
1837. Ch. c. *Oliver Twist*, by Imp. Emancipation.
1338. Ch. f. *Angerina*, by Goliah.
1839. Ch. f. *Floscula*, by Imp. Zingane.
1840. Ch. c. *Lois*, by Imp. Rowton.
W. B. GREEN.
Charlotte C. H., Va., June 27, 1840.

Blood Stock of JOHN G. BOSTWICK, Esq. of Murfreesborough, Tenn.

No. 1. BAY MARE, 8 years old this Spring, without white; was got by Pacific (he by Sir Archy), her dam by ———, grandam by Tennessee Oscar, g. g. dam by Rhodes' Whip (he by Imp. Whip), g. g. g. dam by Quick-silver (he by Imp. Medley), g. g. g. dam by Fearnought. This mare is 15½ hands high.

No. 2. BAY MARE, 3 yrs. old this Spring, without white, except a few white hairs adjoining the hoof of the left fore foot, 15 hands 2½ inches high; got by Golden Fleece, out of No. 1. Golden Fleece was got by Sir Archy, his dam by Ogle's Oscar, grandam Floretta by Spread Eagle, g. g. dam by Hall's Union. She was the dam of Gov. Wright's mare Pandora, by Grey Diomed.

No. 3. MURFREESBORO', ch. c., one year old, by Imp. Luzborough, out of No. 1. He is of fine size and form, with a white face and right hind foot, and the left hind foot white on the inside.

No. 4. PRINCE GEORGE, a b. c. with-

out white, 13 days old, by Post Boy, out of No 2.

Nos. 1 and 2 are stunted to Post Boy this Spring. JOHN G. BOSTWICK.
Murfreesboro', May 7, 1840.

Blood Stock of JAMES LANKFORD, Esq., of Coffeeville, South Alabama.

No. 1. MULTIFLORA, about 14 years old, got by Conqueror, out of Grey Goose (Bascombe's dam). Conqueror was by Imp. Wonder, out of Cripple by Saltram—Dare Devil—Pantaloon—Valiant, Juniper—out of a mare imported by Mr. John Bland. A. J. DAVIE.

Her Produce.

1837. Ch. c. *Valentine Sevier*, by Pulaski, he by Virginian.
1839. — f. *Louisa Bullitt*, by Imp. Philip.
1840. — c. *Alligator*, by Imp. Leviathan.

JAMES LANKFORD.

Coffeeville, June 25, 1840.

Blood Stock of H. J. CANNON and E. J. PEEBLES, Esqs., of Jackson, Northampton County, N. C.

No. 1. SALLY SABLE, bl. m., got by Munroe, out of Lady Randolph (sister to Caninian) by Sir Archy. Munroe was by Wilkes' Wonder, his dam by Chanticleer, out of Rosette by Wilkins' Centinel—Diana by Clodius—Sally Painter by Imp. Evans' Starling—Imp. mare Silver. Wonder is by old Diomed, his dam (dam also of the celebrated racers Pacolet, Jolly-Air, Palafox, etc.) got by Tippoo Saib, son of Ranger, &c. &c.

No. 2. *Grey Colt*, foaled last Spring, got by Clarence Linden, out of No. 1. Clarence Linden was by the Winter Arabian, out of Flora McIvor, half sister to Sally Sable. This mare we bought at the sale of Col. Philip Claiborne's blood stock last year, and the colt is the result of a notion of this singular old gentleman that Clarence (as he bred and owned him) was equal to Priam.

No. 3. POLLY CATTLE, ch. m., by Marion, out of Sugars (the dam of Pulaski) by Constitution, grandam by Imp. Dragon—Imp. Medley—Mark Anthony—Jolly Roger—out of Young Jenny Cameron, out of Old Jenny Cameron,

she out of the Cabbage-Arse mare, alias Miss Belle-voir, &c. &c.

Sugars' grandam was the dam of Bet Bounce, Coquette, Arab, Janette, etc.

H. J. CANNON.

Jackson, N. C., Aug. 15, 1840.

Pedigree of MAMBRINO.—The following certificate given by the breeder, Col. Lewis Morris, leaves no doubt of the purity of his blood:—

I certify that the bay colt bred by me, three years old the 16th of last month, was got by old Messenger, his dam by Sourkrout, grandam by Whirligig, g. g. dam Miss Slamerkin by Wildair, out of the imported Cub mare.

Given under my hand at Morrisania, June 19th, 1810. LEWIS MORRIS.

Pedigree of the Imported Mare SILVER, from which the family of the celebrated race-horses *Virginian* and *Director* descended.

Having, in the course of a few months past, obtained very many additions to my large and manifold collection of pedigrees of thorough-bred horses, I take the liberty, at this time, to inform all those persons who may have in possession thorough-breds, the immediate descendants of the above horses, that they are of inestimable value, and well may their own performances, as well as those of their descendants, appear more manifest when we come to extend the pedigree of the imported mare stated above fully. This mare, through all the various ramifications of her unsullied pe-

digree, and uncontaminated with a single plebeian or unfashionable cross throughout, presents, in *bold relief*, a stock of blood-horses from which racers of almost every description whatsoever have descended; more especially those of size, strength, muscular powers, speed, bottom, lastingness, and ability to carry the heaviest weights. This circumstance will appear more manifest when I come to extend her pedigree, for public benefit—having never heard of its being made public before.

PATRICK NISBETT EDGAR.

In the year 1822 I was, through the kindness of a very highly respectable gentleman in the Isle of Wight County, Virginia, politely invited to his house and put into the possession of several barrels and hogsheads of old papers, belonging to the estates of upwards of twenty-five deceased gentlemen. Upon a thorough examination of the same I found manifold pedigrees of blood-horses, and among them the pedigree of the above imported mare, Silver; a copy (it was stated) was taken from the original—she was foaled about the year 1762, and imported into Virginia by the late Capt. Evans;—she was got by the Bell-sized Arabian (imported also into Virginia)—her dam by Croft's Partner—her dam (*full sister*) to Roxana, by the Bald Galloway—her dam (*full sister*) to the Akaster Turk, Leede's Arabian, Spanker, Natural Arabian Mare.

The above is true.

(Signed) WILLIAM EVANS.

Lynessville, N. C., Aug. 11, 1840.

Pedigree of SIDNEY, the property of Mr. JOHN FLANNAGAN, of Belleville, St. Clair County, Illinois.

SIDNEY, a bay colt, was foaled in 1829, and ran with success on the Union Course, Long Island, and subsequently in the West, where he is now standing. He was got by the celebrated Sir Charles, out of Virginia, by Thornton's Rattler, whose pedigree is thus recorded in the American Turf Register, vol. ix., page 48:—

Virginia, a blood b. m., got by Dr. Thornton's Rattler, for whose pedigree see Turf Reg., her dam German Spa, the same mare referred to in Turf Register as Glenn's famous mare, was got by Billy Duane, he by Americus; and he by Imp. Shark—the dam of Americus by Wildair, by Fearnought; grandam by Vampire, g. g. d. Imp. Kitty Fisher, by Cade. The dam of Billy Duane, Betsey Baker, raised by John Hoskins, of Virginia, King and Queen Counties, she by Buzzard, her dam Portia, g. d. by old Messenger, Portia by Copper, a son of old Messenger. The dam of the German Spa was a chesnut mare, formerly the property of Benj. Lowndes, Esq., of Bladensburg, afterwards sold to Thos. Dick; she was got by the Imp. horse Venetian, dam by Lloyd's Traveller, g. d. by Imp. horse Othello, out of an Imp. mare by Spot. See Edgar's Stud Book, p. 122.

The deficiency in this pedigree is in the knowledge of the blood of Portia's dam. Possibly some of the Long Island breeders may be able to supply it.

THOMAS MARSHALL.

Maysville, Kentucky, Aug. 6, 1840.